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CHRONICLE.

The Queen. ON Thursday morning was published a letter from the QUEEN, nominally to Mr. Secretary MATTHEWS, in which HER MAJESTY, with much feeling, thanked her people for the sympathy shown to her and her family in their late affliction.

Home Politics. There were probably few Unionists who expected to win Rossendale; but there can have been fewer who would not have preferred a less decided kicking downstairs there. The case is hardly one in which comparisons with 1885 give much comfort. The simple and rather uncomfortable truth appears to be that parts of the English electorate have relapsed into the condition of political insanity which has been recurrent with them since 1867. A sufficient dose of Mr. GLADSTONE always cures this; but it is a terribly expensive and debilitating medicine. Meanwhile, official Tories have the additional solace of knowing that they have let in the curse of free education on the country for exactly that consideration which the Devil usually pays his dupes.—The usual letters of invitation to members of the different parties to be present in their places at the opening of Parliament were published on Wednesday morning.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. With one or two exceptions, the foreign news of the end of last week was chiefly gossip. The exceptions were the reported dismissal of some of Major VON WISSMANN's favourite officers in German East Africa (going to show that the policy of raiding and crusading is about to be abandoned), and the announced intention of Sir ROBERT MORIER to resume his post at St. Petersburg, Lord VIVIAN going to Rome instead. This figure in the recent ambassadorial cross-hands-and-down-the-middle is by no means unsatisfactory, and it is no ill compliment to Lord VIVIAN to say so. Sir EDWARD MONSON goes to Brussels in Lord VIVIAN's room and Mr. EDWIN EGERTON to Athens.—There were fresh troubles in Argentina at the end of last week, and fresh rumours about pinchbeck-Palmerstonism on the part of America towards Chili.—The list of historic monuments in Europe has suffered an irreparable loss by the burning of the Egmont wing of the Arenberg Palace in Brussels. Most of the famous pictures, indeed, known to all visitors to that pleasant little capital, were at the other end of the palace, and escaped; but one of the last historic interiors of the sixteenth century—one of an interest, personal and literary as well as historic, hardly to be excelled—has gone.—On Monday it was reported that the not wholly genuine tension at Tangier was slackening, while the state of German East Africa (which unluckily affects British interests both north and south of the German sphere) was touched up in blacker colours still.—On Tuesday morning the text of a communication from President HARRISON to Chili was published, but irreverent Americans winked their eye, and said "elections." If the United States had really gone to war for Mr. EGAN, it would have been for the most singular pair of *beaux yeux* ever known. On Tuesday afternoon it was reported, though even next day the report was not authoritatively confirmed, that Chili had yielded to American bullying, which was certainly wise, if not wholly expected. But a very ugly complexion was thrown on the matter by coincident statements that the conciliatory disposition of the Chilean Government was perfectly well known to Mr. BLAINE and Mr. HARRISON when the latter sent his blustering Message to Congress.—There were serious strikes at Bilbao in the middle of the week, and a state of siege was proclaimed there on Wednesday, on which day the EMPEROR's birthday was celebrated with rejoicing in Germany. It is said that his MAJESTY, quite in the manner of his great-grandfather, has been inspecting the Imperial kitchen.

Attention was also paid to the appointment of Cardinal LEDOCHOWSKI as Prefect of the Propaganda (upon which much ingenious speculation as to the POPE's policy in selecting a non-Italian was ventured), the health of M. STAMBOULOFF, legislative difficulties in British Honduras (where, as usual, official and non-official Members of Council have been squabbling), and the improvement in Turkish finance, which has enabled the Porte to pay the whole instalment due of the Russian war indemnity.—The Austrian DUMOLLARD-SCHNEIDER and his wife were brought to trial in Vienna this week, for the murder of divers servant girls.—A dispute has been going on between the Bank of England and the Queensland financial authorities, in which it would appear that the colony is entirely in the wrong.—The young KHEDIVE reviewed the Egyptian troops, and received their oaths of allegiance on Tuesday.—A second Message from President HARRISON on Thursday, containing what appeared to be an elaborate, but certainly ineffective, disclaimer of the charge of having bullied Chili when he already had her submission in his pocket, confirmed the fact of the submission. We are glad to know that few respectable Americans take pride in a very discreditable business.—Considerable remissions of taxation have been made in Egypt, despite the expense of completely removing the *corvée*.—General MENABREA has resigned the Italian Embassy at Paris.

The London County Council. On Monday morning a letter was published from "my Lords" to the London County Council, which, though the alarms and excursions among the members of that magnanimous body still continued, quite eclipsed them in interest. It was a Treasury "wiggling" of the finest quality, informing the Council, with official politeness, but unmistakably, that its financial methods are naught, and that "my Lords" will interpose to save the people of London from the consequences of them, if necessary. On Tuesday the Council argued its pet schemes dispersedly, and finally, by a majority of one, postponed their further consideration till after the coming election. The newspapers are being deluged with the controversy between Moderates and Progressives, the latter endeavouring to show that the Moderates are not themselves Heaven-born "municipals." Perhaps not; but they may not be that and yet be infinitely preferable to the Progressives.

The Law Courts. All those who would fain hope that a celebrated dictum to the effect that "the law is a hass" is a libel will be saddened by the decision of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, this day week, in the Eastbourne matter. Four learned brethren supported Mr. Justice HAWKINS (standing judge to the Salvation Army) in quashing the conviction, chiefly on the ground that there was no evidence that the imported Salvationists knew what had happened previously. On the same day one of the rather common and very hard cases of damage from engine sparks was decided in favour of the Great Western Railway.—The verdict in the case of RUMNEY v. WALTER might have seemed only explicable on the well-known general principle that a newspaper, a railway Company, and a defendant in breach of promise of marriage are, in the eyes of the British jury, what STRAFFORD was in St. JOHN's, not beasts of chase, to whom fair law must be given, but vermin to be knocked on the head whenever the opportunity offers. But it was probably brought about by the mistake of the *Times* in not apologizing.—An important injunction was granted by Mr. Justice CHITTY on Tuesday, restraining a Trade-Union from posting injurious placards relating to the conduct of the business of Messrs. COLLARD & COLLARD; and some of the Carron and Hermitage Wharf strikers were sentenced to different terms of imprisonment with hard labour for violence.—Anybody who wishes to understand the

proceedings of the Purity gang should look up certain doings at Brighton police-court this week, and see how two Vigilance agents (one of the mature and grave age of twenty-four) endeavoured to "smell out" a house of ill-fame by the simple process of engaging a room for a week on false pretences, and hinting the kind of entertainment they should like.

All the old subjects figured unapologetically at the Correspondence. end of last week, Mr. CHARLES HARRISON in particular being undaunted alike by the terrors of Lord LINGEN and the omniscience of Sir THOMAS FARRER. —It has frequently occurred to members of the University of Oxford to wonder why, while the sister University manages as a rule to keep its folly to itself, their own so often permits that portion of the same quality with which Heaven has endowed it "to rin oot sarkless on the public." On Tuesday morning of the present week of grace, an Oxford resident, while disapproving of the pother raised over the postponement of the meeting of the Colleges, took up his parable against the summer term. Now, speaking in the grave and pondering way, it may be laid down that for "educative" influences on all "educable" persons, one summer term properly enjoyed at Oxford or Cambridge is worth all the curricula of all the "teaching Universities" from Europe to, and including, Laputa. At "the other shop" the familiar difficulty of ascertaining any fact whatever has been once more illustrated by an infinity of versions of the competition between Bishop PHILPOTT and the late Duke of DEVONSHIRE in the Mathematical Tripos. —The Dean of York, having drawn the fire of the Biblical critics by showing an impious distrust in their infallibility, has stood it, as he well might, very bravely, and appears to be not one penny the worse. —There was much other letter-writing on Tuesday. —Everybody should look at a very amusing letter from M. DELONCLE, the French chauvinist deputy and journalist, in Wednesday's *Daily News*.

Mr. HASTINGS, M.P., was committed for trial Miscellaneous, yesterday week, on which day Mr. CHAPLIN visited the small holdings which, thanks to Lord WANTAGE, have been established near Lambourne in Berkshire, and Sir F. GOLDSMID gave an interesting lecture on the Persian language and literature. —A local Government Board Circular was issued on Monday in re influenza, but was not a very favourable specimen of that kind of document, being vague and verbose, containing no clear or useful advice, and likely to alarm without benefiting. —A great fight has begun on the Tyne, not between men and masters, but between different classes of men. It is not absolutely impossible that in this way the Trades-Union revolution, unlike the other, may be eaten up by its own children; but one hesitates to prophesy such a satisfactory reversal. —Mr. ANDREW LANG addressed the city of Edinburgh and the world on BURNS last Monday very pleasantly, and Professor BLACKIE opined that KNOX, BURNS, and WATT were the fine flower and unforgettable trinity of Scotsmen. What an AARON and what a HUR for ROBBIE! O Emeritus Professor! why deave us with your KNOX in this way? and why select an engineer wi' a boiler, when you had King ROBERT and Sir WALTER and MONTROSE and a dozen others to choose from? —The agitation against the proposed NEWMAN statue has grown pretty warm, Sir WILLIAM ANSON, a subscriber, being perhaps the most noteworthy protester. It is not unimportant to observe that the President of Trinity distinctly denies that NEWMAN's College refused a site for a statue which there would be perfectly in place, and could excite no just heart-burnings in any one. —On Wednesday Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS delivered a lecture on early book illustration; Mr. CHAMBERLAIN busied himself about his now favourite subject of old-age pensions; and there was what might have been a terrible railway accident on the Midland just outside Leicester. —Mr. GOSSE spoke agreeably on Reading at the College for Men and Women in Queen Square, on Wednesday night. The only fault that we can find with him is that, like most persons in such case, he succumbed a little to the temptation of finding fault with the other doctors' prescriptions. Why object to any one who tells you to read *Rob Roy* for the eighth time? We, simple as we stand, have read it, we should think, for the eighteenth at least, and we hope to read it eighteen or eighty times more. The secret of this matter, which indeed Mr. GOSSE in his positive attitude put very well, is "Read what you like. Try to like the best things rather than the worst. But read; and read what you like." —Mr. HERKOMER also

lectured on Scenic Art on Thursday; so that this has been a week of lectures by eminent hands on matters connected with art and literature.

Mr. JOHN NOBLE was a political organizer of some notoriety; Baron ORCZY a Hungarian politician and composer of note. Sir THOMAS MACMAHON was one of the oldest and most distinguished of English cavalry officers. Dr. WOOD was a very active working member of the governing bodies of the London University and University College, London. —The Grand Duke CONSTANTINE of Russia was father of the Queen of GREECE, second son of the Emperor NICHOLAS, and for the last forty years (till he was attacked by mental disease some time before his death) one of the most respected members of the Imperial family. —Lord BEAUMONT had had a rather curious and interesting military career. —Had Captain RAMSAY (who, not entirely to the credit of service arrangements, never attained higher rank than that of commander) lived a year longer, he would have completed the eightieth since he joined the navy. As a boy of eight years old he had seen service against the United States. —Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, of St. Thomas's, Oxford, had been a pillar of one section of the Church for more than half a century; Mr. H. B. MAYNE was a great whist-player, and formerly a clerk in the House of Commons; Mr. GOWING, as WALTER GORDON, an actor well known in the buxom BUCKSTONE days of the Haymarket; Sir OSCAR CLAYTON was widely known as a surgeon; Sir CHARLES HAMILTON had commanded a battalion of the Guards at the Alma; and Baron CHAZAL, as Belgian Minister of War, had designed and carried out the huge new fortifications of Antwerp. —Dr. ALFRED CARPENTER was a medical person who kept his name very much before the readers of newspaper correspondence. —Sir JOHN LAMBERT had in his day been one of the most active and influential members of the Civil Service at home; and Mr. HODGKINSON had had much to do with the organization and administration of British Burmah both old and new.

The principal book of the week is Mr. CARLYLE's *Lectures on Literature* (ELLIS & ELVEY), which he did not publish himself, perhaps, as readers may think, *pour cause*. —At the Royal Academy, on Wednesday, Mr. STANHOPE FORBES, the chief representative of the so-called Newlyn school; Mr. BATES, a young sculptor; and Mr. GRAHAM JACKSON, a learned architect, who has used his privilege of spoiling Oxford with, on the whole, much less ferocity than might be expected, were elected Associates.

THE QUEEN AND HER PEOPLE.

IF it had been possible in any way to increase that "interest of tears" which has accrued to the Sovereign and the nation from their common bereavement, the touching letter which the QUEEN has just addressed to her people would have added to it. To say, as is the simple truth, that no such incident could have occurred at any earlier period of our history, is to remind ourselves of one of the not very numerous, but in their way inestimable, compensations that our somewhat too articulate and demonstrative age has brought with it. If our great State personages, and our public men in general, are too often tempted, and perhaps constrained, to speak when it would be better for them, or when they possibly prefer, to keep silence, we may well find this a light penalty to pay for the facilities which such a usage supplies to speech on those few occasions when speech is of priceless value. Much may be forgiven to a state of national manners which, if it is too often careless of the restraints of dignity when it would be well to observe them, yet, on the other hand, permits and encourages their abrogation at moments when they would arrest the sympathetic union of emotions which it is good both for Royal and loyal hearts to allow to flow unchecked together. There has never before, doubtless, been so universal an exchange of sympathy between any English Sovereign and the English nation as there has been on this and that other "sad and tragical occasion" to which HER MAJESTY pathetically refers; but it is certain that, if any such demonstration had occurred on the side of the people in any previous reign, it would have been impossible for Royalty to have acknowledged it with that heartfelt and moving simplicity which is perhaps the most striking characteristic of HER MAJESTY's letter. Feelings, no doubt, would have been equally deep on either side; but the words

chosen to give utterance to them on the part of the Sovereign would have been chosen rather from the "common form" of Court Chamberlains than, like those of HER MAJESTY, from the vocabulary of the heart.

The affecting terms in which the QUEEN speaks of the calamity which has befallen her and her family, and of the consolation which she has derived under it from the sympathy of her subjects, will touch all hearts. But it is, perhaps, the concluding paragraph of her letter, and the high and devoted spirit of public duty which animates it, that will move them most. It is with sorrowful assent that they will have responded to the reflection that the bereavements of their Sovereign during the last thirty years of her reign have indeed been heavy; and most devoutly will they join in HER MAJESTY'S prayer that, great as are the labours, anxieties, and responsibilities inseparable from her position, she may retain health and strength to support them and to work for the good and happiness of her country and Empire while life shall last. Courageous and unremitting devotion to public duty under whatever burdens of private sorrow Providence may impose is fortunately no uncommon spectacle among Englishmen. But, exhibited in the highest place of all, and sustained by a fortitude which sex has never weakened nor advancing years abated, it is a sight which may well stir the heart of a loyal nation with affectionate pride.

ROSSENDALE.

IT would be idle to deny that the result of the contest for Rossendale is disappointing to Unionists; but it is with the figures rather than the fact of Sir THOMAS BROOKS'S defeat that our disappointment begins and ends. This, of course, our friend the enemy finds it expedient to ignore. A convenient lapse of memory has enabled him to represent the victory of Mr. MADEN as a new and surprising testimony to the recent growth of Home Rule opinions in Liberal-Unionist constituencies. It is true that the Gladstonian has been in the constant habit at any time during the last four years or so of "daring" the late eminent member for Rossendale to take the opinion of his constituents on his public action since 1886, and of loudly affirming that at the first opportunity that presented itself they would most assuredly mark their displeasure thereat by ejecting him from his seat. In this estimate of the feeling of Rossendale the Gladstonian may or may not have been mistaken. Unionists were never at much pains to dispute it, being, many of them, indeed, disposed to attribute to it a certain amount of plausibility on various grounds. But if the taunts of which for some years past the Leader of the Liberal-Unionists has been the characteristically impassive object were well founded, they make the present inordinate jubulations of the Gladstonian party a little ridiculous. We venture to submit to them that they cannot "have it both ways." Rossendale may always have been a very insecure Liberal-Unionist seat—a seat, in fact, which was retained by Lord HARTINGTON in 1886, not so much because he was the leader of the Liberal-Unionists as because he was Lord HARTINGTON: for our own part, we do not scruple to admit that we have always so regarded it; but in that case all the noisy rejoicing over its capture is extremely foolish. After doing duty as an example of the way in which "bewildered Liberal electors"—who, by-the-bye, had had the entire Home Rule controversy dinned into their ears for full five months before the election—voted against Mr. GLADSTONE without knowing what they were about, it cannot now be trotted out as an illustration of the way in which the growing force of political conviction slowly and painfully severs the ties of personal loyalty, and overcomes even the respect due to the highest political integrity and abilities.

The Rossendale election can be legitimately employed for the former of these two purposes alone. As was justly pointed out by a local commentator on the event on the very day of its announcement, the constituency is "historically Liberal." It gave its former representative his largest majority before the split in the Liberal party took place; and when in the following year he offered himself to the electors as an opponent instead of a supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE, it promptly reduced that majority by nearly one-fourth, while the total poll declined by something like a thousand, as the result, no doubt, of many "bewildered" abstentions. Figures of this character speak for themselves,

and it needed very little analytic skill to guide one to the conclusion that the seat for Rossendale was about as precarious as any Liberal-Unionist seat in the kingdom, and as likely as any to revert to the Gladstonians at the first by-election. Nevertheless, we are not concerned to deny that the reversion is of a more catastrophic character than had been expected. Lord HARTINGTON'S majority of 1,450 in 1886 need not have been turned into a majority of 1,225 for Mr. MADEN; and the fact that it has been undoubtedly seems to show that the process of reconversion to Gladstonianism has been going on continuously among the "bewildered" ones for several years past. Some allowance should, however, be made for the manner in which the constituency has been "nursed" by the gentleman who has now secured the doubtful honour of representing it. Mr. MADEN'S exceptional assiduity of courtship has, no doubt, contributed largely to the completeness of his success; though this, no doubt, is a not much less discouraging way of accounting for a Unionist defeat.

Another circumstance which incidentally goes to prove the reality of Rossendalian reconversion is that even Mr. GLADSTONE'S intervention does not seem to have done any appreciable mischief to the candidate whom he recommended. His extraordinary and perfectly gratuitous plunge into personalities on the eve of the contest, and his cool invention of those "pledges" which he foisted on the Duke of DEVONSHIRE at a moment when there was barely time to contradict the fraudulent fable before the polling-day, would have disgusted any but a very robust follower of the great and good romancer. When a venerable statesman says of a former colleague and supporter that at a certain time and place he promised "a large introduction into the Irish Government" of the representative system, and a fundamental reform "of the system of administration known and hated by 'Ireland, under the name of Dublin Castle,'" and when the former colleague and supporter is able to reply that he never said a word about either the "representative system" or "Dublin Castle," one might suppose that the venerable statesman would be sorry he spoke. Yet, apparently, he has no reason to regret it. The sturdy "converts" of Rossendale do not seem to have been at all shocked by observing that their leader thinks it necessary to tell—well, electioneering statements—in the hope of securing the return of his candidate, and, so far as can be discovered, the crookedness of Mr. GLADSTONE'S tactics in no way affected the straightness of their votes. Nor, indeed, did these belated proselytes—to adopt the newest view of them—to the cause of Home Rule appear to be in any degree discouraged by the very attenuated form of that nostrum which Mr. MADEN offered to them. The peculiar version of the Gladstonian policy for Ireland which this gentleman favours is especially worthy of notice, because in all probability it will form the model for many subsequent pronouncements on the same subject which will be put forward by Gladstonian candidates between now and the next election. It will evidently be their cue to reduce the contemplated Home Rule concessions of Mr. GLADSTONE to a vanishing point. They will have no hand, they will tell us, in granting anything to Ireland except the mere "gas-and-water autonomy," which everybody is willing, and indeed desirous, to concede to every portion of the kingdom. Of course this reservation in reality amounts to exactly nothing at all. Practically it means that the particular Gladstonian "item" who, greatly daring, insists upon it, is of opinion that it will be the game of the Old Parliamentary Hand to represent his new Home Rule scheme to the constituencies as a very modest and harmless affair indeed. It does not mean that the item aforesaid will find any difficulty in accepting any scheme which the O. P. H. may think fit to tender to him, however large and dangerous, or in contending that its appearance of magnitude is a mere optical illusion. Mr. GLADSTONE, in fact, may be reasonably believed to bestow mighty little thought upon the MADENS of his party. He knows well enough that he will find no serious difficulty in making them swallow any Home Rule Bill he may put before them, and in the meantime it is just as well perhaps that they should go about the country protesting as valorously as they please that their powers of deglutition are strictly limited.

The real centre of Mr. GLADSTONE'S anxieties is, no doubt, to be found on the Irish benches. He is well aware, of course, that the sort of Home Rule that the MADENS regard as the right horse to back is an animal which neither of the two Nationalists will look at; and that gas-and-water autonomy is a boon which even the priesthood, little as they

really desire to establish a "free State" around their "free Church," would feel bound to reject. And when Mr. GLADSTONE painfully ponders the Parliamentary ways and means of coercing or cajoling the two factions into acceptance of it, he must find but cold comfort in the fatuous rejoicings of those followers who exult in the prospect of finding themselves again "as in 1885." For their leader must be ruefully conscious that "as in 1885" will not be good enough, or nearly; and that unless he can secure a larger and more stable majority than he brought back with him from the polls at the election of that year, he will only repeat the *fiasco* of the year that followed.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT IN AFRICA.

A COLONIAL paper which recently reached England informs us that the Nyassa check to Consul JOHNSTON'S movements will be avenged, "whatever the *Saturday Review* may think," or words to that effect. As no English periodical has been more constant than the *Saturday Review* in urging the development of England's colonial dominion, we confess a slight inability to discover what the gentleman means. He may be one of Mr. RHODES'S men, and so be angry that the *Saturday Review* has insisted on the absolute necessity of keeping those outlying districts of the Empire for the Empire, and not for local *faisseurs*. If so, we have no consolation for him; if otherwise, he has shot his arrow considerably over the mark.

As a matter of fact, the present moment is one of the first importance in regard to Britain's colonial empire. The inevitable reaction after the founding of the great colonial dominions of the British East and British South Africa Companies has set in. It has been discovered (and he must have been a singularly slow-witted person who waited long for the discovery) that you cannot make a vast stretch of country yours by a stroke of the pen, or even by much more active proceedings—that you must "bide the brunt" in this as in other matters, and that the breaking of a good many eggs goes to the making of a really big omelette. Again, it has been discovered that the in-letting of the Germans—a people absolutely unused to colonizing methods—and the sufferance of the French—a people whose colonizing methods (*testibus* Canada *et* India) are not ours, and not successful—have bred trouble in our own countries. Lastly, there is what may be, or may not, a real chance—the movement for selling Portugal's colonial possessions. We exaggerate none of these things; we know very well how many things like them have gone down the wave of Coeytus, and left nothing behind. But we cannot help seeing that it is quite possible that one of the manias of relinquishment which lost us Java and Cuba, the Philippines and the French Antilles, may come on, or that, contrariwise, an intelligent "I set at all" may give us the command of the last possible new markets of the world.

The dangers in the way are not single. There is, to begin with, a certain quality in the English Gladstonian which one must borrow the lingo of his French friends to describe, and which can only be called "incivism." The conduct of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT last Session in regard to the Victoria Nyanza Railway deserves no other and no lesser word. We admit that Sir WILLIAM, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and others of their kidney have a clear defence from their own point of view. They wish that the British worker shall continue to suffer from "divine discontent," which, by the method of opposites, may induce him to be content with such very undivine persons as themselves in power. They know that the development of new colonies will, on the contrary, open fields of prosperity to him; and they would shut these if they could. It is their game—a base and scoundrelly game, but a game. What we are less able to comprehend is the game of the official persons and of the ordinary investing Britons. The former can gain nothing by kotowing to the Sir WILLIAMS; yet they do it. The latter are prodigal of their money to any DICK, TOM, or HARRY who starts a Company for importing Spanish asses or milking the British variety; yet they behold unmoved the refusal of a mere trifle to forestall competitors in a British Protectorate. And it is at least conceivable that they would make a wry face if it were proposed for a sum of money to acquire the rights of the Empire of MONOMOTAPA, and shut out all competitors from nearly a third of the African continent. Yet there never was such a moment as there is now. The Portuguese are getting sick of their African

possessions; the Germans do not know what to think of theirs; the French are calculating whether all pay and no return is good business. And the great British nation, personified by Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, grudges the ha'porth of bird-lime that will catch the biggest bird and the last bird now going loose upon the earth!

THE MISSING BEAR.

HE was last seen at Harrogate. He was wanted this week at the Queen's Bench Division, but he was not to be found. Not having him before them, the judges were unable to say whether he was a domestic animal or not. The magistrates said he was not, but they may have been frightened. It is not only the bear that has disappeared. His owners also have vanished into space, and this is distinctly unfortunate. For they are charged, rightly or wrongly, with having evil entreated the poor bear, and they cannot be brought to justice until they are found. Counsel desired to advertise for them. But if they were innocent they would not have absconded, and if they are guilty they know that they will not, by inserting an answer to the advertisement, hear of anything to their advantage. On the whole, it would perhaps be more hopeful to advertise for the bear. He has nothing to lose by coming forward, and probably a good deal to gain. There are many bears who can do anything except talk, and who knows whether this one may not be able to read! Bears pervade all classes and all professions. There are bears in Parliament, bears at the Bar, it is even whispered that there are bears on the Bench! Therefore the question whether they may be ill used with impunity possesses considerable interest and importance. The Divisional Court, with a strictness verging on pedantry, declined to go on without the bear. "You can get another bear," said Mr. Justice HAWKINS, in a spirit of reprehensible flippancy. But the next bear may be the cherished inmate of a Christian home, blest with privileges which would drive his wild brethren tame to think of. He may be a masterful bear, and receive that deference which springs from regard for personal safety. There are almost as many bears in Regent's Park as there are milestones on the Dover road. But, under the fostering care of Mr. BARTLETT, they live in the lap of luxury and die in the odour of sanctity. What the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals wants is an oppressed bear, a bear whose wrongs call for vengeance, a bear rightly struggling to be free. If the wanderer of Harrogate will not return to his friends and solicitors, we may have to wait until the *gens ursina* roars fraternally for Home Rule.

It may be difficult to frame a law for the protection of wild animals all the year round which would not interfere with manly and legitimate sport. But it does seem rather ridiculous that when any creatures have become the servants or companions of mankind they can be tortured with impunity because they are *feræ nature*. There are wild dogs, wild horses, and wild cats. In the days of *Shirley* there were wild curates, and there are still wild asses. Yet these species are all protected by wise and humane legislation from the caprice of their superiors. Has a bear received a double dose of original sin that it should be deprived of a Parliamentary guarantee? Of course "Tonsch" and another" may have behaved with conspicuous kindness and gentleness to this particular bear. On the other hand, the judges might, if they had had the chance, have reversed the decision of the magistrates, and held, in accordance with common sense, that every case must be treated as one of fact, and determined upon the merits. If an animal has been domesticated, it becomes to all intents and purposes a domestic animal. At present the whole subject is left in distressing uncertainty, and the mind of the public, like the mind of King ARTHUR, is "clouded with a doubt." It is curious that, while one Court was regretting its inability to decide whether a bear was a domestic animal, another Court was called upon to say whether a locomotive was a domestic engine. A spark from one of the Great Western Company's funnels set fire to a barn and destroyed property valued at a thousand pounds. The Insurance Company which sued the railway failed in their action because the omission to use "spark-arresters" was not sufficient evidence of negligence. In other words, a locomotive is not such a fierce and dangerous machine that those who employ it are bound to exercise special precautions. That, of course, is an arguable point.

What cannot be reasonably argued is that the original character of beasts or of their progenitors constituted any defence for treating them with stupid barbarity. Yet were people once to realize that no animal can be well trained except by kindness, the discussion would soon be obsolete.

LORD LORNE'S "PALMERSTON."

LORD LORNE'S *Viscount Palmerston, K.G.* (SAM-SON LOW & Co.) is the latest contribution made to the series of political biographies entitled "The Prime Ministers of Queen VICTORIA," which are in course of publication under the editorship of Mr. STUART J. REID. Lord LORNE has had access to Lord PALMERSTON'S unpublished correspondence, and has used it with skill, avoiding, perhaps with excessive caution, the numerous temptations to indiscretion which it offered. When we read PALMERSTON'S description of his colleagues in 1826—"old women like the CHANCELLOR, spoonies like LIVERPOOL, ignoramuses like WESTMORELAND, old stumped-up Tories like BATHURST"—we feel how nice it would have been if Lord LORNE could have given us some of the epithets which Lord PALMERSTON may have bestowed on his colleagues of 1856. Pleasant but wrong. Lord LORNE has felt, with VOLTAIRE, that while forbearance is due to the living we owe only truth to the dead. Lord PALMERSTON'S surviving colleagues must wait until they are dead to know authoritatively what he thought about them, though some of them have, we dare say, a shrewd guess. Though Lord LORNE'S sketch necessarily lacks the piquancy of personal anecdote and epithet, yet it has the substantial value of authentic history. The relishes may be wanting, but there is a solid joint set before the guest. It is better that the beef should lack mustard than that the mustard should be unattended by the beef. The materials placed at Lord LORNE'S disposal enable him to make a contribution of original value to the political history of two generations of the present century. Lord LORNE has judiciously avoided traversing once more the ground covered by Lord DALLING and Mr. EVELYN ASHLEY, and by Sir THEODORE MARTIN in his *Memoirs of the PRINCE CONSORT*, and if his little volume does not supersede theirs, neither is it rendered superfluous by them. It occupies, and will continue to occupy, its own place. Lord PALMERSTON is made to display himself in the most authentic manner, through his own correspondence; he does not exist in this volume for the sake of his biographer. *Bene qui latuit, bene scripsit* would not be a bad rule of conduct for memoir-writers, though by no means a universal one; and Lord LORNE has shown not only a commendable modesty, but no little art, in the manner in which he has kept himself in the background, and left the stage to his hero.

The publication of the volume is in a certain sense seasonable. Lord PALMERSTON'S well-known forecast of the future—"GLADSTONE will soon have it all his own way, and when he gets my place, we shall have strange doings"—reads now like a passage of fulfilled prophecy. It has been accomplishing itself more variously and more completely with every year that has passed since Lord PALMERSTON'S withdrawal left the world for Mr. GLADSTONE to bustle in. The death of the elder statesman marked not only the commencement of a change of policy, but a revolution in the character of English statesmanship. What Mr. CARLYLE calls the jesuitico-methodistical type of politician has superseded the manly, straightforward English type which had its most conspicuous representative in Lord PALMERSTON. In the course of a public life of more than sixty years, spent largely in the not very elevating school of diplomacy, Lord PALMERSTON, no doubt, did and said many things which deserve and have met condemnation. But he was a straightforward enemy and a cordial friend, and throughout his political career he thought first of his country, and only in the second degree of himself. This fact is brought out clearly by all the main incidents in his career, from its beginning to its close. At a time of life when personal ambition is usually most ardent and least considerate, he stuck resolutely to the place in which he thought he could do best service, declining advancement, which might naturally have led him to the highest position in the State thirty years before he actually attained it. Lord PALMERSTON'S doctrine was the reverse of that which seems now to prevail, according to which England exists for the sake of Downing Street, and the office for the officeholder.

Not merely the chronology of his political career, but the

great transition in public affairs with which its commencement is coincident, is marked by the fact that he was a candidate for the representation in the vacancy for the University of Cambridge which the death of Mr. PITT had occasioned. As PITT quitted the stage PALMERSTON entered it. PALMERSTON, standing as the Government candidate, was defeated by Lord HENRY PETTY, in after years his friend and colleague, as the second Marquess of Lansdowne. In 1807 he obtained a seat in Parliament, and a place in the Duke of PORTLAND'S Administration, which had succeeded the GRENVILLE-FOX coalition. Lord PALMERSTON'S Parliamentary and administrative career was thus immediately subsequent to the disappearance of the two great rivals who for a quarter of a century made English political and Parliamentary history. After twenty-five years spent among the followers of PITT he passed to the followers of FOX. The colleague of PORTLAND and PERCEVAL, of LIVERPOOL and CANNING, became the colleague of GREY and MELBOURNE and RUSSELL, and the close of his life was spent, both in the Administration of Lord ABERDEEN and in his own successive Ministries, in Coalition Governments which united fragments of both parties. The ordinary nomenclature of political life is scarcely applicable to Lord PALMERSTON. Historians and critics dispute whether Mr. PITT was a Whig or a Tory. Those who contend that he was a Whig at one period of his career and a Tory at another differ as to the periods in which he was a Whig and a Tory; while Lord ROSEBERY alleges that at no period of his career was he either, but that from beginning to end he was a Liberal of the modern type, a sort of pre-Gladstonian GLADSTONE, a kind of *fin de siècle* Radical. Be this as it may, it is clear that the Whig rivals of Mr. PITT differed from him only as an Opposition differs from a Government; that as administrators they succeeded and resembled each other. There is no real inconsistency in Lord PALMERSTON'S almost continuous presence in office during the first quarter of the present century, nor in his following the CANNING section of the PITT party, which claimed to be the genuine representative of the PITT doctrine in the coalitions of 1827 and 1832. Lord PALMERSTON took the national view of the public service. That he was not impelled by designs of personal advancement is shown by his refusal of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, with a seat in the Cabinet, offered by Mr. PERCEVAL in 1809, and renewed by Mr. CANNING in 1827. During these eighteen years PALMERSTON remained contentedly in the subordinate post of Secretary at War (not Secretary for War), becoming Foreign Secretary under Lord GREY. Until he took the Home Office under Lord ABERDEEN, the posts which Lord PALMERSTON had exclusively filled—at the Admiralty, at the War Office, and at the Foreign Office—were connected with the service of the nation as a whole, and comparatively disentangled from the mechanism of party government and Parliamentary management. Lord PALMERSTON was, throughout his career, very little either of Whig or Tory, Liberal or Conservative, a follower of PITT, or CANNING, or GREY. He was essentially an English statesman, with whom the nation stood first, his party second, and himself, we think it may be truly said, last. Lord PALMERSTON'S willingness, in 1859, to serve under the titular Premiership of Lord GRANVILLE—for Lord LORNE is mistaken in supposing that he joined Lord JOHN RUSSELL in repudiating the arrangement—showed that towards the close of his life he retained that absolute indifference to mere official precedence which marked its beginning. No doubt it was accompanied by the just confidence that his personal powers would give him ascendancy and authority independent of the office which he might hold.

This belief in himself was not always very agreeably shown. Lord PALMERSTON was very little of a courtier, in the ignoble and more sycophantic sense of the term, whether of the Crown, the mob, or the House of Commons. GEORGE IV. could not endure him. "Il y a," he said to Mme. DE LIEVEN, "quelque chose en lui qui me déplaît; il a l'air 'toujours si fier.'" In the controversy with the Crown which led to his dismissal from the Foreign Secretaryship, he was as wrong, both in form and substance, as it was possible for a Minister of the Crown to be. In the House of Commons he occasionally mistook bluster and swagger for a genial playfulness. But, on the whole, he was marked throughout his life by the qualities which he showed in his school days, when he earned the description of "the best tempered and 'most plucky boy at Harrow.'" The character is a fine one, and the study of it in Lord LORNE'S volume may do

something to substitute a sounder estimate of public men and public morals than that which marks the perverted hero-worship of the moment. We may point out one or two oversights for correction in Lord LORNE's future editions. It is chronologically impossible that BROUGHAM's letter of 1806 disparaging PALMERSTON's pretensions to represent the University of Cambridge should have been addressed to Lord MACAULAY. Neither history nor political satire knows anything of Lord ROBERT STRACHAN as a commander in the Walcheren expedition. The name of Sir J. CANNING—this reproach we address to Lord LORNE's index-maker—has no place in the list of the Foreign and Prime Ministers of England.

THE EASTBOURNE CASE.

THE Court for Crown Cases Reserved had, we can very well believe, no choice but to come to the result which it actually reached when reviewing the verdict of the jury on the Eastbourne Salvationists. The jury had found absurdly on its own showing. It acquitted the accused on the counts on which there was some reason for condemning them, and then found them guilty of an offence which they could not in the circumstances have committed, if they were innocent of the other charges. We considered at the time what were the reasons which appear to have led the jury to arrive at their muddle-headed verdict, and need not go back on them now. It would be equally useless and unpleasant to do so. The spectacle of a judge glorying over the confusion of his jury is as disagreeable as it is fortunately rare. That there was confusion in the mind of the jury was only too clear, and it led them to deliver a verdict which nobody could suppose would be allowed to stand. In reversing it the Court for Crown Cases Reserved has only discharged an inevitable duty.

The manner of the doing appears to us to be open to criticism. To the lay mind, at least, there was something rather puerile in the amount of talk which was permitted on the question, whether persons could be found guilty of unlawful assembly unless the mystic word tumultuous had been used in the proper places. The counsel for CLARKSON and others seems to have solemnly argued, and to have been seriously listened to while arguing, that whatever the conduct of the accused may have been, they could not be punished for it, unless the word of power was duly uttered in the right kind of incantation. To those harmless people who are fond of tracing our habits to the practices of our Teutonic ancestors, this contention must have been a God-send. It was so delightfully like the kind of argument which would have been used by NJAL to the Icelandic Thing, to show that it was impossible to proceed with a charge of manslaughter, because all the proper formulas had not been uttered, first forwards and then backwards, in the traditional places. In 1892, and in the Court for Crown Cases Reserved, it smacked more of Messrs. OILY, GAMMON, & QUIRK than was dignified. And Mr. Justice HAWKINS kept the counsel in countenance. It would be unbecoming to say that one of HER MAJESTY's justices spoke with his tongue in his cheek, but the temptation to say as much of Sir HENRY HAWKINS is very great. "It does not appear," so said the judge, "on the contrary, it was carefully excluded from the evidence, that these nine defendants had 'the smallest knowledge when they came down to Eastbourne of what had occurred there on other occasions. They were strangers to the place. They merely joined the contingent of the Army on that piece of waste ground. . . . A large crowd of eight hundred or a thousand persons had assembled at Latimer Road, with what object it is not difficult to discover. With what view could they have assembled around this peaceable body of persons—about thirty-four altogether—who were there assembled—nine bandsmen and twenty-five of the 'Army' engaged in 'prayer'?" This, with Sir HENRY HAWKINS's leave, this is cant. It is not a matter of supposition, but a well-known fact, proved by the repeated and impudent public declarations of Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH, that the Salvation band was deliberately sent down to Eastbourne as a provocation. All talk about the nine innocent people and their prayers is fudge. Everybody knows, and the Salvation Army leaders have again and again declared, that the band-playing at Eastbourne is done in deliberate open defiance of the bye-law, and with the intention of overriding it. In face of that fact there is something absolutely

farcical in professing to ignore what is perfectly well known. If it is unknown to HER MAJESTY's justices, we can only wonder at the ignorance of a body of dignified persons on whom ignorance is not commonly supposed to sit gracefully. Nobody who is entitled to the least respect would ask Sir HENRY HAWKINS to decide against individual Salvationists in cases in which they were innocent, on the ground that they belong to a body of insolent and disgusting ranters. That would be too much the kind of justice for which the Army itself and its congenial purity-canterers clamour. Sir HENRY HAWKINS had no occasion to go beyond the technical defects of the conviction which was being reviewed. Our complaint is that he did go beyond them, in order to make a display of catchpenny sentiment, and that he took the opportunity to ignore notorious and scandalous facts. He was not bound to say anything of the general conduct of the Salvation Army; but he was surely bound not to pretend to believe that the nine bandsmen who came down to Eastbourne with their instruments did not come to carry out the enterprise of which Mr. BRAMWELL BOOTH boasts.

THE PAMIRS.

IT has been (and not without some reason) taken for granted that Sir ROBERT MORIER's consent to resume his important station at St. Petersburg, after his removal to a milder climate had been apparently decided on, was not unconnected with the question of the Pamirs. It appears to have been the cue, given to and taken by English Russophiles with characteristic effrontery, to pooh-pooh this difficulty, not as of easy settlement, but as not requiring settlement at all. Is it not a great many years since Lord GRANVILLE arranged the whole thing? Is not Russia the heir of Khokand? Did not Khokand possess, or lay claim to, all the Pamirs? Was it not agreed that the Oxus should be the barrier? Now, every one of these questions, in so far as it touches the recent claims of Russia, may be blandly, but with perfect confidence, answered in the unconditioned negative. Far be it from us to say that Lord GRANVILLE was not capable, out of mere indolence and good nature, of "propining," as the Scotch say, any right, possession, interest, or claim of England. He was, for all his good qualities, only too capable of doing so; and on this occasion he did it to far too great an extent in regard to other matters affecting the Central Asian Khanates positively, and was guilty of most unlucky negligence in leaving points open in regard to this very matter. But nobody then dreamt of conceding to Russia anything like what she now seems to claim. She was not acknowledged as the heir of Khokand; Khokand was not dreamt of as including the Pamirs; and, if the Oxus was talked of as a boundary, nobody on the English side dreamt of understanding, and everybody on the Russian side very carefully abstained from specifying, the southernmost discoverable branch, affluent, or headwater of that river as the Oxus which was meant. On the contrary, both at the time of the original agreement and since, it has always been pointed out that the so-called Victoria Lake, which Lieut. WOOD practically discovered, must for geographical, as well as sentimental, reasons remain well within what, in more recently political slang, has come to be known as the English "sphere." And this of itself, if it leaves the Alichur Pamir and some other parts unclaimed by England, is fatal to the Russian argument.

It may, therefore, be taken as one of the few fixed points of the discussion that south of the uppermost waters of the Panja and the Siri-Kul Russia is absolutely excluded. The unfortunate thing is that further north than that her position appears to have been left extremely vague. It was generally supposed that the Pamirs north of Wakhan and south of Ferghana proper were neither Russian, nor British, nor Afghan, but No Man's Land, with, on their eastern side, a tendency to be Chinese. The recent events have shown that this condition of things, always dangerous, cannot be allowed to last longer. Still worse would it be to admit Russian claims one inch beyond that uppermost branch of the Panja which terminates in the Victoria Lake, while the best actual boundary would no doubt be the Ak-su or main Oxus headwater. There should, however, be no difficulty in coming to an arrangement on this head, if it is done at once. And, as we have more than once hinted, it is not at all improbable that the altogether outrageous claims of

Russia to stretch her actual authority up to the Baroghil Pass, and even to the south of it, are most probably put forward in the spirit merely of the old saying about the gold gown and the sleeve. Our own salutary proceedings in Kunjut may be taken by any one who likes as a polite hint in the other direction; though we are told that an eminent statesman, the Wazir of Hunza, has promised to "return in the spring with a Russian army and flay" everybody. But settlement—as good a settlement as can be got, of course, but, *quocunque modo*, a settlement—is what is wanted. Open questions are, in domestic politics, not always bad things. They are at once the besetting sin and the curse of diplomacy and of foreign policy generally.

THE VALUE OF AN APOLOGY.

IN a country which need not be mentioned, at a time which need not be specified, there was published, in a newspaper which may remain anonymous, a serious libel on an officer and a gentleman. The officer was accused of cheating at cards, and it was added that he had been compelled to leave his regiment in consequence of his dishonesty. There was no express malice on the part of the writer. The facts he described had actually occurred, but the offence had been attributed to the wrong man. The innocent and aggrieved victim of the mistake repaired to the offices of the journal which had wronged him, and speedily convinced the manager of the error. "Now," said he, "you will of course publish an ample apology." "Oh no," replied the manager, "we never do that. But we will take an opportunity of mentioning you favourably at an early date." This was the end of the interview. The end of the chapter was verdict for plaintiff, damages eight hundred pounds. It is impossible not to be reminded of this incident in reading the account of the action which Mr. HOWARD RUMNEY has successfully brought against the *Times*. Nobody can for a moment suppose that any one connected with the *Times* had a private quarrel with Mr. RUMNEY, or that the publication of a gross and vulgar lampoon upon him in the report of a trial between different persons was more than an error of judgment. Indeed, if the matter rested there, the conductors of the *Times* would deserve not a little sympathy. For, undoubtedly, the unjustifiable attack upon Mr. RUMNEY was dragged into the case of MATTHEWS v. GILBERT, and, though the whole of the document was not relevant to the proceedings, the whole of it appears to have been read. A fair report of a trial in open Court is absolutely privileged, and no action will lie in respect of it. It need not, of course, be word for word. If it accurately represents the substance of what occurred, and is not unfair to either side, the law, as laid down by Chief Justice COCKBURN and other eminent judges, will protect it. Statements reflecting upon third parties are, and must be, constantly made in the witness-box. Their dissemination may cause grievous injury. But it is a form of injury for which the Courts provide no redress. If in this instance the *Times* transgressed the regular limits, it would be very pharisaical to denounce as a crime what was obviously nothing better or worse than a blunder.

What makes Mr. RUMNEY's verdict for three hundred and fifty pounds an important and salutary event is the conduct of the *Times* after the trial was over. Mr. RUMNEY wrote to the editor what Mr. Justice DAY called a very proper letter, pointing out the serious nature of the libel, mentioning the fact that only one paragraph in it was material, whereas all had been printed, supplying the omission that he had been allowed to deny the imputations on oath, and that they were then withdrawn, and requiring an apology. This letter was not inserted, and then Mr. RUMNEY issued his writ. It is true that two days after his remonstrance had been sent there appeared a bald editorial statement, embodying part of his own, and a declaration that this was "willingly" published. It is also true that Mr. RUMNEY, having written on the 25th of February, began his suit on the 27th. But one must remember that he was a solicitor, that the libel was calculated utterly to destroy his reputation, and that no apology whatever had been made. The editors of newspapers have often very difficult functions to perform, and they are obliged to work under great pressure. On the other hand, the effect upon private character of defamation which circulates through many thousands of hands is so tremendous that every possible precaution ought to be taken and every available remedy supplied. Mr. RUMNEY's letter was

held back for inquiries. When the inquiries proved that Mr. RUMNEY was perfectly right, a bald and meagre paragraph was printed instead of the letter. As Mr. Justice DAY said, "There could have been no harm in inserting the letter, and if it turned out to be untrue, it could then have been dealt with." It turned out to be true, but it was never inserted at all. The few lines admitted in lieu of it did not contain the significant, and indeed vital, fact that counsel on both sides, and the defendant himself, withdrew the charge. This obstinate stupidity has proved expensive, as it ought to be. The assumption of infallibility is absurd enough when applied to public affairs. But the idea that assertions once made in a newspaper must be treated as if they were morally stereotyped, and that to apologize for them would destroy the illusion, is, to say the least, childish.

A GALLANT SOLDIER OF PEACE.

IT is hard to be called the enemy of a people when, with the best intentions in the world, you are engaged in arranging its affairs for it on a thoroughly satisfactory footing. It is also hard to have it said of you that you have been dismissed from your place for this imaginary enmity, when in fact there has been no dismissal and the place is your private property. This has been the ill luck of M. DELONCLE, and it has been inflicted on him by the *Daily News*. No wonder that he has protested. We cannot, with all our sympathy, affect to be sorry for him. His misfortune has extorted from him an exceedingly amusing and even instructive letter. The form of M. DELONCLE's indignation and the grounds of it are worthy of one another. We have no opinion to express on the real character of that dispute with the manager which led to his *fausse sortie* from his "dear *Siccle*." As M. DELONCLE is owner of most of the shares, we can well believe that he was not dismissed by the Administrative Council. The differences of opinion which have arisen between him and the manager (the word stands in his letter as the equivalent of *directeur*, no doubt; but they are not the same thing) will in this case lead only to his temporary absence from the office. M. DELONCLE is, in fact, in the strong position occupied by Mr. DWYER GRAY in a recent, apparently similar family quarrel which convulsed the *Freeman's Journal*. He will shortly be able to resume that task of daily hammering at the same topics, for the good of France and England alike, which he assures us has been his occupation hitherto. We are glad of that, for M. DELONCLE's sake.

He must, however, excuse us if we are not quite convinced that his success in showing himself the friend of England has answered to the purity of his intentions. The *Daily News* may be, and we trust is, overcome with remorse on being reminded of "my pathetic articles of admiration for Mr. GLADSTONE," but the plea does not move us profoundly. Articles of that kind might be written at Pretoria by persons who are not exactly the friends of England. The statement that wherever England has an enemy Mr. GLADSTONE has a friend was thought brutal; but there have been pronouncements more manifestly contrary to truth. Thus, if M. DELONCLE will permit us, we would prefer to decide what are our interests for ourselves. It has been argued rather profanely that much should be forgiven France because she loves much; but some have found her manner of loving more odious than enmity. It has at least been observed that her affectionate notion of what is good for her neighbours is curiously apt to coincide with what she also thinks most agreeable to herself. Among the cures which M. DELONCLE offers for "the actual difficulties between our two liberal nations," there is, at least, one which is furiously suspect to us. "I am hammering every day," says M. DELONCLE, "at the same topics, which may be summed up as follows:—British evacuation of Egypt (as the present state of things in Egypt is a burdensome embarrassment to England and France)." The other topics at which M. DELONCLE hammers with a persistence which possibly accounts for his difference of opinion with his "manager" are of less importance, though they present opportunities for comment. We would point out to M. DELONCLE that the burden of this embarrassment might be notably lightened by a remedy both easier and more certain than "British Evacuation." If France will only cease clamouring to get back what she threw away

when she had it, and give up revenging herself for the consequence of her own acts by intrigue and obstruction against us, the embarrassment would vanish and the burden be most appreciably diminished. That solid equilibrium in the Mediterranean for which M. DELONCLE has also hammered is a gift we should like to look at carefully, in spite of a certain old proverb, before we sat astride it. French notions of a solid equilibrium in international relations are very apt to mean the use of her neighbours as a footstool. This position might have a wholesome effect on our "British Colonial Jingoism," but we are not sufficiently regenerate to contemplate occupying it with equanimity. We shall not call M. DELONCLE an enemy of England. We are in a moderate way obliged to him for saying that he would be English if he were not French. We prefer to say that he is a friend who would regulate our affairs for us—and then to add that we think it more satisfactory, for various reasons, to regulate them for ourselves. Whether this will satisfy M. DELONCLE we do not know. He is, we learn, pleased with the "Conservative Correspondents of the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and others," who "observed towards me the decent attitude due to a sincere and gallant soldier of peace and liberty." It is not quite clear to us what the decent attitude to be maintained towards "a sincere and gallant" (why did M. DELONCLE not add modest?) "soldier of peace" may be. Soldier and peace are even words which howl at being united, and we are afraid that there is a touch of "Continental Gallic Chauvinism" in M. DELONCLE's determination to be a soldier of some kind, even though it be one which appears to aim at combining heroism and safety. Still, if M. DELONCLE is content to be told that he is a very pleasing example of the brisk Gallic confidence which is prepared to regulate the universe at a moment's notice, we are disposed to adopt that decent attitude towards him.

M^R. CHAMBERLAIN'S PENSION SCHEME.

M^R. CHAMBERLAIN, we imagine, may not unfairly be credited with the opinion that the main desideratum in the matter of State-pension schemes is public discussion. It is better, we must suppose him to think, to get people to talk about a definite proposal on the subject, however crude and imperfect it may be, than to waste time on attempts to perfect it before giving it to the world. That, at least, is the only assumption upon which we can account for the publication of the project which he has just explained in the *National Review*, and it is an assumption to which assent will be by no means universal. There is, indeed, no little danger, we think, that M^R. CHAMBERLAIN may have somewhat seriously damaged the cause which he has at heart by his premature admission of the public to his legislative atelier. Let him say what he pleases, people generally will be slow to believe that an eminently practical politician like himself can have thrown out a consciously sketchy and "viewy" State-pension scheme in mere lightness of heart for the legislator of the future to fill in for himself. Rightly or wrongly, they will assume M^R. CHAMBERLAIN to regard the plan which has issued from the united deliberations of M^R. W. A. HUNTER, M^R. RICHARD MALLOCK, M^R. RANKIN, and himself, as reasonably complete and workable; and so assuming, they are likely to rise from the study of it with the conviction that, if this is the best job four practical men can make of it, the idea of "decreeing" national providence "by a law" may as well be dismissed along with other chimeras to "bombine" in empty space. They will, at any rate, be somewhat aghast at the notion of four practical men having persuaded themselves that the State has only to provide the young working-man with an adequate inducement to save 5*l*., by making him a present of 15*l*., and the provision-for-old-age problem is solved. The young man's imagination will be straightway so fired with the prospect of receiving five shillings a week for the remainder of his life, as soon as he attains the age of sixty-five, that he will keep up a steady payment of twenty shillings annually during the whole intervening period of forty years.

But, even waiving all question as to the positive merits of M^R. CHAMBERLAIN's project, his admirers, we suspect, will be somewhat disappointed at his neglect to grapple with the initial objections which all such schemes have to overcome. He disposes, for instance, much too lightly of the economical objection when he dismisses it with the remark

that no question of principle is involved; that the State already stands committed to the obligation of supporting under the Poor-law those who cannot or will not support themselves; and that whether it does this by providing pensions or by imposing poor rates is a mere matter of administrative detail. For this way of putting the case overlooks the vitally important fact that every effort is made by the employment of tests to confine the benefit of the Poor-law relief to those who cannot as distinguished from those who will not work, and that in any scheme of State pension which has to be started by a bonus out of public moneys this cardinal consideration has perforce to be ignored. Hence there is not and cannot be any security that the State contributions to a pension fund will proportionately reduce the public burdens at present incurred for the relief of the poor; and there is nothing to show that the community might not find itself paying a new impost out of one pocket to provide a refuge against pauperism, while it continued to make just as large draughts upon the other pocket as at present for the support of paupers. A project which might conceivably lead to results like this is not correctly described as "voluntary," merely because, unlike the German scheme, it involves no direct charge on specifically ascertainable persons; and, indeed, the question of nomenclature lies at the root of the objections to M^R. CHAMBERLAIN's scheme.

THE UNITED STATES AND CHILI.

THE version of the SACKVILLE incident which has come so conveniently for President HARRISON has terminated in the only possible way. After the ample assurances given by Chili, nothing more will be heard of it unless the exigencies of the approaching Presidential election and his rivalry with M^R. BLAINE induce M^R. HARRISON to make further demands. The use of a little pettifogging diplomacy might renew easily the squabble, or some other *Baltimore* incident might be arranged. As the United States claim to be the sole judges of what happened on a particular occasion, they might go on to claim to be the only authority on the question whether anything had happened. It would save the effusion of blood if, instead of sending sailors on shore when a riot was almost certain, the United States were to adopt the practice of declaring that a sailor had been murdered, that his name was O'ROURKE, and that any denial of these assertions was an insult to the Stars and Stripes. Besides, there is always that demand for five million odd dollars which M^R. FRANCIS EGAN's father, M^R. PATRICK EGAN, is at present engaged in enforcing at Santiago on behalf of his son. It might be found useful. In short, the bullying of Chili can be kept up as long as the United States pleases, and with management might be made to breed a war, when it would be open to President HARRISON to remind his countrymen that you should not swop horses while crossing a stream. The resources of electioneering diplomacy are many. With care, the Chilean question may be made to serve again during the nine months before the next Presidential election, or at least till the Republican candidate is chosen, and America knows whether it is expected to elect M^R. BLAINE or the PRESIDENT who has been so tender of its honour as to give the refugee Irishman chosen to represent the United States at Santiago a certificate of character. If Chili is not available, a substitute can easily be found. We dare say the English Minister at Washington holds views on the relative merits of English and American oysters which would call for the screaming rebuke of the American Eagle. M^R. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW might write for his opinion.

The history of the Chilean incident is really a short one when only the essential is told. The United States has insisted on having its own way, and, being much the larger and richer Power, has got it. We do not say that there is anything new in an event of this nature. Big Powers have overriden little Powers before now, and will no doubt do so again. If more fuss has been made about it all than looks quite necessary, this is adequately explained by the circumstances. One of the Ambassadors of LEWIS XIV. said to the Dutch plenipotentiaries, who were exacting in their demands at the end of the Spanish Succession war, that they were obviously not accustomed to conquer. They lost their heads in this unwonted position. Politicians at Washington are not accustomed to international difficulties, and the contrast which this Chilean dispute, small as it is in

itself, presents to the ordinary parochial dulness of domestic politics has rather thrown them off their balance. This, and the necessity of impressing electors on the look-out for a little excitement with the greatness of the occasion and the ardour of their patriotism, account for the scale of the demonstration made over a quarrel which could hardly endanger peace, and could assuredly not threaten seriously the interests of the United States. Hence the rush of excited Senators, and Deputies swearing to live and die with President HARRISON, and the eagerness of Democrats to prove that they are every whit as patriotic as Republicans. If England had nothing to occupy its attention more attractive than the doings of the County Council, it might get into a state of excitement over an ultimatum to Portugal. When our international affairs have come to be freely used for electioneering purposes (and we are making progress in that direction), we also shall probably see something equivalent to the presentation of President HARRISON's magniloquent Message to Congress after the receipt of the Chilean assurances that the demands of the United States would be complied with. But here again the approach of the Presidential election must be remembered. A Message, a scene, a crisis, an outburst of emotion were required, and it would be absurd to complain that they had all been rendered unnecessary to the electioneering agents by the receipt of the Chilean compliance with the United States' demands. Nor do we think that it would be quite reasonable to criticize these proceedings as cheap and wanting in dignity. These charges would have point, and would be felt, if brought against statesmen and gentlemen; but we are not aware that the machine-politicians of the United States are either one thing or the other. They have acted in this matter as they have repeatedly acted before in dealing with ourselves when they knew there was no danger in bounce and bluster. The Chileans must be content with knowing that they have conducted themselves all through with dignity, and have only yielded to a superiority of force which it would be impossible for them to resist.

It should be some further consolation to Chili that the penny-gaff heroism of Mr. HARRISON has been made to look so instantly and utterly ridiculous. We, who have often suffered from the same underbred swagger, can certainly hear of the PRESIDENT's little misfortune with unmixed amusement. For, as it has turned out, that thundering Message had been made manifestly superfluous by the receipt of "friendly and conciliatory" assurances from Chili before it was delivered. While Mr. HARRISON's solemn appeal to Congress to prepare with patriotic courage for exertions proportionate to the gravity of this terrible crisis was being read to the breathless Senators and an attentive audience in the gallery, the interpreters of the State Department were spelling out a friendly and conciliatory despatch from Chili. From this document it was discovered that President MONTT's Government had already yielded to the American demands. In any case this would cause Mr. HARRISON's first Message to look unnecessary and ridiculous. It must obviously have been hurried out in fear lest the Chileans should take the wind out of the PRESIDENT's sails by accepting his demands without a scene. This would be the case even if there were no evidence that Mr. HARRISON was already aware of the contents of the Chilean despatch. Unluckily for him it seems to be impossible to doubt that he was aware of what it contained. It has been denied that Mr. HARRISON excused himself by the undignified plea that he was not officially aware of the contents of the despatch because he had not received a translation. The correct version of the story is, it seems, that the document was not handed in till the PRESIDENT's Message was actually in course of being delivered. As it seems to be beyond dispute that the Chilean envoy had given information of the arrival of the despatch on Saturday, this version does not make Mr. HARRISON's case much better. He will not easily persuade the world, or his own Democratic critics at home, that he was not aware that Chili had withdrawn its circular, had apologized for the attack on the *Baltimore's* men, and was prepared to submit the question of the indemnity to arbitration or to the Supreme Court. To persist in sending his Message after the receipt of this information, simply because it had not been conveyed to him in a formal manner, was an act unquestionably worthy of Messrs. Dodson and Fogg. Whether it was also worthy of the chief of a State which is rather exceptionally fond of talking of its greatness is a point on which we shall leave

Americans to express their own opinion. It would be superfluous to give ours—and, also, not so simple a piece of work as it looks—for one would have first to settle what things are worthy of a machine-politician who is playing to the gallery for a renewed term of office, in rivalry to his own Secretary of State. But, worthy or unworthy, the conduct of Mr. HARRISON has put him in a distinctly ridiculous position, and can do him little good in the long run. What is called American "humour" is too often as dull as it is vulgar; but Americans have sense of the ridiculous enough to see the absurdity of a gentleman who has announced that he will kick the door open or die, when he had every reason to believe that it was open, and that there was no enemy behind it.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE tedious and barren debate on the subject of loan redemption at the weekly meeting of the County Council resulted in the familiar spectacle of the Council placed between wisdom and folly, resolute in following the course of the latter. It looks like the ruling passion strong in dissolution. There was every conceivable inducement to return to the paths of prudence and common sense. The unfortunate, and perhaps penitent, Finance Committee had thoughtfully provided a way of escape from their hasty acceptance of Harrisonian finance. There was the letter from the Treasury, an intimation that should set their houses in order, with its decided opinion that the burden cast on the rates by one generation should be a diminishing burden on the future generation. In addition to this outspoken example of the snub courteous, the Progressive majority had before them Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's excellent and convincing comments on the Treasury note, and Sir THOMAS FARRER's touching, if less practical, appeals to patriotism and honesty. Lastly, the Finance Committee had devised a simple plan by which the Council should be spared during their few remaining weeks of office any further wrangling as to the merits of the new and the old financier. They submitted a resolution that the terms as to repayment on which loans were made prior to December 15 should remain unchanged during the remainder of the Council's official career. But hard is the way of the peacemaker in the Council-hall. The very moderation of the proposal was an offence to every Progressive instinct. So Mr. CAMPBELL sought to amend the resolution by declaring it inexpedient, and moved that the Council should consider each application for a loan on its own merits. In other words, the Council were asked to decide that it was expedient, with the Treasury letter awaiting an answer and some twelve loans to be dealt with, to leave the important principle of loan redemption unsettled. In these circumstances, the amendment was absurdly inept, and by any other administrative body must have been promptly rejected. But the prospect of twelve different fights proved too exciting, and a discussion followed that was, on the whole, as sterile, and almost as cryptic, as one of M. MAETERLINCK's charades, miscalled dramas. Much time was wasted in personal confidences of the most irrelevant kind. Lord COMPTON, for instance, declared himself to be still of the Harrisonian faction. If he meant anything by this, he meant that he regarded Lord LINGEN and everybody else of financial repute in the Council from the HARRISON-CAMPBELL standpoint. Yet he was so taken with the "circumstances," he must vote against the amendment, and disparage the cause he has at heart. With unconscious humour, he, a staunch "annuitant," a strong believer in the new finance as "the honest conviction of honest men," was compelled by the force of circumstances to assume the unkindly part of a stifier of discussion. Such, at least, it will seem to the good Progressive. We wonder if Lord COMPTON would have deviated into common sense, as on this occasion, if he had not announced his intention not to offer himself for re-election on the Council. As to Mr. HARRISON's share in the debate, there was nothing in it, excepting a characteristic reference to an aroused Treasury, except the dry *crambe repetita* of his previous speeches and letters. After a long discussion, largely composed of personal confessions of financial views, very like election addresses in tone, the amendment of Mr. CAMPBELL was lost by a narrow majority. But the cause was not lost. Without premeditation, apparently, Mr. BENN moved, and was allowed to carry, an amendment to the effect that the consideration of the subject dealt with by the resolution of the Finance Committee

should be adjourned to the Ides of March. Then the Council accepted an improvised amendment that leaves the question open, in the face of the most conclusive reasons for compromise, and the fruit of discord flung by Mr. CAMPBELL on the Council table is practically replaced after having been rejected.

The full effects of these proceedings can only be measured after the approaching election. The immediate results, however, serious as they are, must have been readily foreseen by the majority of the Council. One by one the men whose experience and knowledge constitute their titles to leadership on the Council, men who were elected to that end by the ratepayers, have been driven from their posts by the tactics of the Progressive majority. The other day the Council repudiated its own financial policy and that of the Metropolitan Board in favour of the notions of Mr. HARRISON and his friends. It is perfectly clear that they must have foreseen the consequences when they decided to estimate the self-conceit and arrogance of the new financier above the experience and reputation of Lord LINGEN. If they really think, as Sir THOMAS FARRER seems to imagine, that they are "doing a noble thing when they are only doing a mean thing," their incompetency needs no further demonstration. Most people would be content if the County Council did their business like men of business, apart from abstract conceptions of the noble or the good. To do noble things at the expense of owners of real property is not one of the official duties with which the Legislature has invested the County Council. We cannot think, with Sir THOMAS FARRER, that the Council did not see the true drift of Mr. HARRISON's "innocent proposals." They must have known that, in following his lead and voting against the Finance Committee, they were censuring their Committee and reversing the financial policy they had hitherto observed. The Chairman had repeatedly instructed them on this point. In his letter to members of the Council he puts the case with great plainness before them, both as to the injustice and unsoundness of Mr. HARRISON's theories and as to the disagreeable results that must follow, should the Council fail to support the Finance Committee. These useful warnings were thrown away. Ample time was there to meditate on these words of wisdom, and the Treasury letter, and Lord LINGEN's final and unanswerable reply to the last Harrisonian epistle. Yet these weighty arguments were as nothing in the balance against the voice of the charmer, Mr. BENN. It is not surprising that Sir JOHN LUBBOCK should have since followed the example of Lord ROSEBURY, and decided not to stand again for the County Council. The most genial of optimists must inevitably succumb in the heavy task of guiding and controlling the obstinate self-sufficiency of the majority of the present Council. These are but phantom victories for them. Mr. HARRISON will find, if the School Board have not already taught him, that it will be as easy to "fight the Treasury," to use Sir JOHN LUBBOCK's phrase, as to enforce the adoption of his annuity system.

THE BLESSED GLENDOVEER.

THE Local Government Board have taken the influenza in hand and issued a circular to all and sundry. 'Tis a good circular enough, as such things go; for the most part sensible, sufficiently practical, and not too dogmatic. The precautions it recommends do not, indeed, go much beyond what every rational man might be supposed capable of devising for his own safety. "It is important that at the time of an epidemic, all persons should, so far as they are able, pay attention to such measures as tend to the maintenance of their health." Surely it needs no Abernethy come from the grave to tell us that the maintenance of health can only be attended to by observing the precautions that tend to its maintenance. To wear clothing suited to the weather, to avoid unnecessary exposure to cold or fatigue, to eat and drink what is wholesome and in moderation; no one will dispute the wisdom of these simple rules, though, simple as they are, not every one perhaps will find himself at all times able to observe them. It will also be obvious that we are not much helped to an understanding of this mysterious and malevolent disease, or to its treatment, by the warning that persons under its influence "should not expose themselves in public places," or that "the power of resistance varies not only in different persons, but also in the same person from time to time, being diminished by any conditions which depress the general bodily vigour." When the ice broke and let Mr. Pickwick into the pond, he was adjured by Mr. Winkle to

keep himself up "for my sake," the probability being, as Mr. Pickwick's biographer justly observed, that, if he had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own. Persons suffering from a painful and debilitating illness are not as a rule apt to expose themselves in a public place for their own sakes. And as for the powers of resistance, is there any one of the natural shocks to which this poor flesh is heir, from typhus to toothache, of which so much at least could not be said? As to the infectious nature of the disease we call (in the Italian fashion) influenza the doctors seem to be now tolerably agreed. Its history, so far as modern experience goes, certainly points to the probability of their being right; it is not improbable that most diseases are up to a certain point, and within a certain meaning, infectious. The question, at all events, is one on which it would not become a layman to set himself against an expert; and at least no harm can be done by assuming the possibility of infection within reasonable bounds.

But the most comforting quality of the circular is that which one of its critics has objected to it as its chief fault. "In most respects it is but a confession of ignorance." Precisely so; and therein, as all sensible people will hold, lies its chief recommendation. The sum of human knowledge is to become conscious how little we really know; and the moment a man, in whatsoever field of human endeavour his work may lie, has grasped that great fact, from that moment he is capable, according to his lights, of benefiting his species.

It is unnecessary to observe that the greatest men in all ages have been the most modest; especially as Dr. Johnson's "poring man" would at once step forward with an instance to refute us. But we may observe that this agreeable complement to true greatness is not the universal note of those we hail as great to-day. Least of all is it so among our philosophers and men of science. It must be confessed that there is not seldom a tone of dogmatism, an air of infallibility, about their utterances which is painful and humiliating to the Plain Man—even irritating, if some human paste be mixed with his plainness, as, to speak truth, it generally is. That it is often warranted we would be the last to deny. The ignorant layman who would speak disrespectfully of Science would speak disrespectfully of anything—of the Equator, or even of Mrs. Humphry Ward's books. What has Science not done for us? Who does not remember Matthew Arnold's triumphant catalogue? "Doors that open, windows that shut, locks that turn, razors that shave, coats that wear, watches that go, and a thousand more such good things are the invention of," he says—we are pained at this moment to remember—"the Philistine." But Mr. Arnold was apt to be waggish, and he wished to show that the "steady, humdrum habit of the creeping Saxon," if it led on one hand to Philistinism, led on the other to Science, "to the comprehension and interpretation of the world." And yet, even after perusing that splendid catalogue, and adding to it the many more good things which Science has given us since then—yet one cannot but wish that she would sometimes not hurl them at us so violently; that her benefits were not so often conferred on the pattern of the "heavy father's" in melodrama, who thrusts (or used to thrust—for alas, even there, too, we are told, the fearless old fashion is no more) his daughter at the hero with one hand and with the other flings a purse of gold at his head, with a playful "Take her, you dog!" One remembers the pretty saying of Sir Isaac Newton in his old age, that, after all he had learned, he felt but like a little child gathering pebbles on the seashore. How different is the attitude of some of our modern Sir Isaacs!

I am a blessed Glendoveer:

'Tis mine to speak and yours to hear.

Is not this too often the attitude of the modern man of science to the grovelling unidea'd herd?

There is an instance of this spirit in a charming book that every one will read whom the influenza or *The History of David Grieco* may spare, in Professor Tyndall's *New Fragments*. We select this instance, not only for the sake of the great and various reputation of the author—whom, indeed, literature cannot but grudge to Science—but also because it is the least aggressive and most unconscious one our reading can furnish us with. It occurs in the first essay in that book—a protest against the too rigid observance of the Puritanical idea of Sunday, originally delivered as a lecture in Glasgow (of all places in the world!)—an essay full of excellent good sense, learning, and knowledge, all expressed in the most clear and delightful style. The Professor is commenting on the attitude of the clergymen summoned at the outbreak of the Civil War to what is known in history as the Westminster Assembly. "They were modest," he says, "in offering their conclusion to Parliament as 'humble advice,' but there was no flicker of doubt either in their theology or their cosmogony." And then we are asked to "imagine a man

with the knowledge of a modern geologist lifting up his voice among these Westminster divines." Undoubtedly it had gone ill with the gentleman. But here is an instance of the aforesaid spirit, the spirit in which our men of science are too apt to regard what another of her great professors has sarcastically called "the Levites of Culture," meaning thereby all those poor atoms of humanity—Cæsars, Shakespeares, Raphaels, Pitts—who are not men of science. Hath not a Jew bowels? Is not even a modern geologist, with all "his pride of life, his tireless powers," with all the stumbling ages behind him to keep his own feet straight—is he not, after all, a man even as the humblest of those Westminster Divines? How does the process of the theologian differ from the process of the geologist? The former builds upon a peradventure, and builds wrongly, says the latter. Let it be granted for the sake of argument. But on what does the geologist build? On a sublime, a magnificent, a divine peradventure, no doubt a peradventure teeming with possibilities, with probabilities, if he will, but yet—a peradventure! Yet is there ever any more "flicker of doubt" about his theology or his cosmogony than there was about those of the Westminster Divines? It is against dogma that Science takes up her parable; but, from the time of the Pharisees downwards, was there ever such a slave of dogma as the modern man of science? The old joke of heterodoxy and orthodoxy is for ever repeating itself. Like Carlyle, he has swallowed all formulas. 'Tis the most dangerous process in the world; you are bound to bring them all up again—in another shape.

This is all the poor Levites of Culture contend for. They have no doxy, honest men, nor would they quarrel with any other man's establishment. All they would ask is that they may not be so scornfully entreated if they are not able to accept in a moment for a mathematical certainty every peradventure that the man of science hurls out of the fulness of his knowledge at their poor, puzzled, unprepared heads. No man, even the plainest, likes to be treated in public as a fool, however conscious he may privately be of deserving the treatment. Commissions of fire and sword are vanished things everywhere else; are they necessary in the kingdom of science? We set not ourselves up against the Geotheologian:—

He gives the universe his laws,
He triumphs over time and space.

But still, as even Mr. Guppy owned, there *are* chords. It is not in human nature to tamely submit to being dragooned into the love for another's man's doxy. It is the worst system of education possible, for it at once hardens the heart while softening the head. We are all quite willing to admit that a bone, or a pebble, or a spadeful of clay, *may be* as good a foundation for the new cosmogony as the tortoise was for the old Hindu's, or the Books of Moses for the old Englishman's; but let us not be trampled in the dust because we are not all able to see in a moment that it *must be*. Was not "It may be so" the favourite formula of a great man of science? The Levite of Culture is quite willing, nay anxious, to take it now for his; in time he may advance to a higher level. Men, says the poet—we ask pardon of Science for offering the opinion of a "sensuous cater-wauler," as the austere author of *First Principles* has dubbed the poet—men are but children of a larger growth:—

Those who do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks;
He might have chid me so; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

How much more fruitful is such a process likely to be than that which some philosophers seem to have borrowed from Mr. Swinburne, who, in one of his most tempestuous moments, declared that every one who was unable to see a certain thing as he saw it must be either "cancerous with malevolence or paralytic with stupidity."

THE INTRUDER.

IN one respect M. Maeterlinck, as judged by the adaptation of *L'Intruse*, which was acted—so far as that term is applicable—at the Haymarket on Wednesday afternoon, is quite unique. He has written a work more or less in dramatic form, which does not contain any one feature or element that a play should possess. There would have been great ingenuity in this had M. Maeterlinck aimed at the result he has so fully attained; but we cannot help suspecting that he is thus sterile without having meant to be so. What does the reasonable man look for in a dramatic piece of any description? He wants story or plot of some kind or other—the working out to the end of a set dramatic problem; he wants incident; he wants distinct and well contrasted characterization; he wants dialogue, marked by fancy, feeling, wit, humour, or some quality that is recognized as raising the sentences to the dignity of literature. These are essentials;

and if the piece is to rise above the common level of the hack playwright's everyday work, it may deal unobtrusively with some problem of life, leaving in its train thoughts worth pondering over. Readers will agree that this is a modest statement of an intelligent spectator's requirements. He cannot accept less and pretend to be satisfied, and he may not unreasonably demand one thing more—that is, a certain delicate suggestiveness in the work, so that he may feel the author is leaving something for his imagination to dwell upon. But of these indispensable qualities, not one is found in *The Intruder*, as the adaptation is called. There is no plot; the personages, the six gloomy people who sit at a circular table, have no recognizable characteristics of any kind; the dialogue is trite and prosaic to the very last degree, as innocent of literary fashion as the bleating of a sheep. Our contention on the subject of literary dialogue—that suitability to the person speaking is the thing of all others to be sought—was lately discussed, and we hold to it with all possible staunchness; it may be incidentally added; but in a piece intended to be hyper-romantic, beyond the limits of mysticism and the supernatural, poetic thoughts are needed.

The greatest mistake that has been promulgated with regard to M. Maeterlinck, who was so completely found out on Wednesday afternoon, is that which has credited him with being a species of dramatic impressionist, who suggests and indicates thoughts which an appreciative and sympathetic mind can expand. He is the exact reverse of this, depending for his effects entirely on stage artifice—the lowered lamp on the table of the melancholy room, the door that will not shut because a carpenter on the other side is holding it, the tramp of Death, and the sound of his scythe being sharpened. No one would pretend that there is any scope in this for the play of imagination on the part of an audience. There is, indeed, something crude and ridiculous about Death tramping about with an actual scythe that has to be sharpened on a ninepenny whetstone before he can begin business, and it is melancholy to find this sort of theatrical trickery eulogized by a countryman of Musset, a master of poetical fancy and that delicate suggestiveness which the fatuous critic who termed M. Maeterlinck "the Belgian Shakespeare" professes to find, when, in truth, it is so woefully absent. Nor has M. Maeterlinck much perception of the ludicrous, or he would perceive the danger of making one of the actors turn down the lamp, and declare in awe-stricken tones that the light is growing dimmer. To turn down a lamp is the usual method of bringing about that result; but, indeed, it is upon this stage property that the effect of the work chiefly depends. If one of the family, adopted the sensible course and rang for candles, there would practically be no play.

M. Maeterlinck certainly had every chance accorded to him at the Haymarket. If Mr. Beerbohm Tree could not make the part of the blind Grandfather impressive, it may be concluded that there is no impressiveness in it. The old gentleman struck us as tiresome in his querulous persistence that some one had entered the house. Just for one moment the idea of the veritable presence of Death tells; but the Grandfather argues and reiterates, till, when the rest of the family stalk out of the room, we could not avoid the thought that they had all gone because they really could not put up with him any longer. A certain effect can always be obtained by lowered lights and subdued voices, and Mrs. Tree, as the First Daughter, did succeed in describing the behaviour of the dog and the occupants of the farmyard beneath the window, including the fish in the pond which all rose suddenly to look at the spectacle which frightened the birds, as if she really felt a mystic environment. Mr. Macklin and Mr. Fernandez also sat at the table, and were described on the bill as The Father and The Uncle; and there were two more daughters, whose histrionic endowments were in no way overtaxed, for they had practically nothing to do. The piece has the one merit of being short; but, then, a very little of this sort of thing goes a very long way.

KASHMIR.

THE genius of Moore has made Englishmen familiar with the name of Kashmir. But few at home have any definite idea as to the geographical position and extent of territories governed by the ruler of that kingdom. By Englishmen he is commonly called the Maharaja of Kashmir; but his full title is Maharaja of Jummoo and Kashmir, and by the Panjabis he is more commonly addressed by the latter title. Even both titles do not denote all the territories ruled by him; for these include besides the Jummoo districts and Kashmir the more distant countries of Ladakh, Baltistan, and Gilgit, all of which are of the utmost importance at the present moment in connexion with the movement of the Russians in the Pamir. The physical relationship of this tract with India must always cause its political relationship

to be of the utmost importance. It is one of the tributary States of our Indian Empire, whose ruler, like all native chiefs, is bound to fashion his foreign politics according to the views of the paramount Power, but in domestic administration he is nearly independent. Three years ago, however, it became necessary, owing to the corruption and maladministration which prevailed in every department of the State, to deprive the Maharaja of executive powers, and place them in the hands of a Council under the immediate authority of the Government of India. During the time the Council has been in existence it has initiated many important reforms, in the execution of which the Government of India have freely afforded it the assistance of skilled officers—Mr. Lawrence, in connexion with the revenue administration and land settlement; Colonel Neville, chamberlain in the organization of the army, and Mr. Logan, in the revision of the financial system. As Lord Lansdowne had erected the new administration, it was only natural that he should be desirous of seeing for himself the working of the machinery, and he has reason to be not only pleased but surprised at the reception he met with in Kashmir, and at the improved prospects of the dependency.

The moment, however, it was announced that the Viceroy intended to pay a visit to Kashmir, the native papers and professional agitators—a breed which of late years has grown up with rank luxuriance in India—began to spread abroad the mischievous rumour that annexation of the State was contemplated. But all fear and anxiety was set at rest when the populace which crowded the banks saw the stately pageant of barges pass up the river, the great highway of Srinagar, and beheld the Viceroy and the Maharaja seated side by side. The courtesy and friendliness which Lord Lansdowne displayed to their sovereign confirmed the conviction that the Viceroy had come on no hostile mission. The exchange of ceremonies that followed, and to which Orientals attach so much importance, intimated that the representative of Her Majesty the Empress accorded to the Maharaja every mark of dignity to which a reigning sovereign is entitled. The statesman-like speech of the Viceroy, at the state banquet, confirmed this conviction, and announced to every native Court that the Maharaja was regarded as the legitimate ruler of Kashmir, and that in Lord Lansdowne he had a staunch friend. But it was also clear to those who studied the Viceroy's oracular speech that His Excellency fully appreciated the good work done by the Council, and that he intended to give them the fullest support in carrying out the reforms they have begun in the States. During his visit the Viceroy had frequent interviews with the Maharaja and the members of the State Council, and discussed the question of reinstating his Highness with some of the powers which he surrendered two and a half years ago. The Maharaja was wise enough to intimate to the Viceroy his readiness to accept and continue the reforms already initiated by the Council, and also proposed to reduce the personal expenditure of himself, his family, and his dependents, which has hitherto been a heavy charge on the States. Taking into consideration this guarantee, and having clearly studied on the spot the complicated problem of Kashmir politics, Lord Lansdowne determined as an experimental measure to revise the existing system of administration. His Highness was to become the President of the Council, and his brother, Raja Amar Sing, was to be Vice-President. With this exception, the State Council was to remain unchanged; and in the event of a difference of opinion arising between the Maharaja and the Council, it is open to either party to refer the matter to the British Resident, without previous consultation, with whom no step of importance can be taken. The new arrangement should be popular with all except the worthless favourites and corrupt officials who, when in power, were coolly cruel and systematically oppressive.

The visit of the Viceroy to Kashmir rendered practicable a modification of the terms imposed on the Maharaja. It is owing to Lord Lansdowne's tact and courtesy that there has been a general rapprochement between the Maharaja and his Council. If the Maharaja be a sensible man, he will recognize the fact that, if he is to continue to take an active part in the administration of the kingdom, it must be as a constitutional ruler. The Government of India are anxious in every possible manner to consider and respect the dignity of every native chief; but it is their fixed resolve that the native chiefs shall on their parts respect the rights and privileges of the peoples placed under their care. The people of Kashmir have a special claim on our protection because, by a questionable stroke of policy, we sold their country to its present alien rulers. The peasantry have already begun to realize the benefits of an Administration which has rendered their position more stable. But sentiment is a strong force in human affairs. The odium of the previous Administration has been partly forgotten in the sight of the Maharaja's later misfortunes. The consequence is that he had become an object of

compassion; and, with the knowledge that our support will still be afforded to the Council, a large number of his subjects will no doubt be glad to see a portion of his power restored to the Maharaja. A graceful act of forgiveness towards a leading sovereign will also be appreciated by the native chiefs, and prove to them how anxious we are to preserve their dynasties on the sole conditions of good government, fidelity to their engagements, and loyalty to the Crown.

THE GREY MARE.

THE *Grey Mare* is so good a piece of its class that one is surprised not to find it a little better. The fault is so obvious that it is strange to find it in authors who have displayed so much ingenuity as marks the work of Messrs. Sims and Raleigh. Doubtless they have been hampered by their foreign original, the comedy from which they have confessedly derived their plot. Internal evidence suggests that it contained episodes which have been cut down to such scanty proportions that they have become meaningless, and should have been abandoned altogether. The main idea of the plot is simplicity itself. The design is to show the entanglements and annoyances which may beset any one who departs, however slightly, from the strict truth. John Maxwell, an amiable young doctor of the strictest principles, declares, for no very forcible reason, that he has been out for a ride. He simply wishes to show his betrothed, whose regard for absolute veracity he considers wanting in firmness, that any one of moderate wit can support a fairly plausible fiction; and the fable is based on the trouble and perplexity this fiction causes. With Mr. Charles Hawtrey as the fabulist, all that pertains to this legend of the grey mare—for that was the creature he professed to have ridden—is excellent farce, of a kind, indeed, that approaches real comedy, and may be said to be brought within the range of the higher art by the actor's light, quiet, and extremely effective touch. Mr. Hawtrey lies like truth. *Veritatis simplex oratio est* was said aforetime; but, as Mr. Hawtrey speaks it, the language of untruth is likewise so simple as to appear quite convincing; and the fun here is the richer, because so many circumstances point to the verity of John Maxwell's statement that he is at length almost driven himself to believe that he must have ridden the mare without knowing it—in a species of dual existence, a peculiarity of which is that the Hyde remembers nothing of what he does when he is Jekyll. The real explanation is that his ward and cousin, also a Maxwell, has hired this animal, has thrown her down and broken her knees, damaged a farmer's crops and fences, and eloped with a lady; all which delinquencies are laid to the charge of the blameless young Doctor when once he has fabricated the story of his afternoon excursion.

The fault we have mentioned is that the adapters have weakened their story where they have sought to strengthen it by starting on bye-issues which lead nowhere. A *cul-de-sac* is a thing to be sedulously avoided by a playwright, and here are two or three. Nothing happens to explain the anxiety of Kate, John Maxwell's betrothed, to visit a wood near their residence—indeed, nothing comes of the whole episode of Colonel Gravachan's jealousy. Kate had flirted with him a long time before in a distant part of the country, letters had been written, he had threatened vengeance against any rival who might appear; but all this needlessly complicates the story. Perhaps, in the original this was essential to the scheme of the plot; in what we take to be the curtailed adaptation, it is not so. As a very general rule it may be said that if anything in a play is not an aid, it is an impediment. Gravachan is wanted in the piece, because after the livery-stable-keeper has been to expostulate about the mare's sad condition when sent home, and after Maxwell's lawyer has called to bear the farmer's complaint of injured crops and broken gate, Gravachan, the chief of the county police, has an effective little scene, in which he indicates the accusation of abduction and robbery likely to be brought against the reckless rider; but if more cannot be made of this old attachment between Kate and the Colonel, it would have been judicious to omit all reference to it. There is abundance of material in the piece without it, for in the last act we have a new development, the concealment in a room of the Doctor's house of a voluble French maid, whom the Doctor's elder brother takes for his cousin's betrothed, a girl he has promised to befriend. This incident comes about naturally enough, and is very amusingly treated.

The dialogue, if not marked by wit or humour of brilliant quality, is bright and pointed. Lines which would not perhaps bear quotation as examples tell when they occur, and Mr. Hawtrey, who has most of the burden of the play on his very capable shoulders, is cleverly supported. Mr. Brookfield finds in Gravachan a part quite unworthy of his powers, for no sort of opportunity is to be found in it. The comedian's very exceptional talent for character-drawing is wasted. A

better chance is offered Mr. Wyes as the livery-stable-keeper. He takes advantage of it, and divertingly sketches a recognizable type of the class. Perhaps it is a trifle too coloured, but it is ably done. Miss Annie Irish lacks lightness of touch as the Doctor's sister-in-law. Her severity is not in the tone of the comedy; and, as her husband, Mr. Eric Lewis labours under the disadvantage of having to play a part which suffers from indefiniteness, a weakness he fails to rectify or strengthen. Mr. Lewis does not appear to have any very distinct idea of the sort of man he is supposed to be. David Maxwell is introduced as a composer, but nothing comes of his profession. Miss Venne is somewhat more fortunately employed, and finds scope for the exhibition of humour.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE letter from the Governor of the Bank of England to the Agent-General of the Colony of Queensland, which was published on Tuesday morning, completely exonerates the Bank of England from the charge of dishonourable conduct and breach of faith made against it by the Treasurer of the Colony, and at the same time can hardly fail to have a bad effect upon the credit of the colony. It will be in the recollection of our readers that a Queensland loan was brought out early last year, and was almost a complete failure. The Bank of England at the time was the banker of the colony, and representations were made to it that debentures amounting to 1,170,000*l.* were shortly falling due, and must be provided for; and that, furthermore, a minimum sum of 700,000*l.* was urgently required. The colony, therefore, stood in need of not less than 1,870,000*l.* The Bank of England, as its banker, naturally gave a promise that it would assist in finding the money, and it instructed Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co., the Bank's brokers, to ascertain at what price a loan could be placed. The brokers did so, and the terms were accepted by the colony. Thereupon the Bank instructed Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co. to form a syndicate for the purpose of obtaining the money, authorizing them at the same time to put down the name of the Bank of England for half a million. About a week later the brokers reported that all but 170,000*l.* or 180,000*l.* had been found, and then the Bank of England agreed to take this balance, making the subscription of the Bank 670,000*l.* The amount finally placed was 2½ millions; but before the transaction was completed—as soon, indeed, as it was known that the money had been found—the price of the stock rose in the market, and many expressed a desire to take part in the Syndicate. The Bank of England authorized Messrs. Mullens, Marshall, & Co. to apportion the amount it had subscribed for amongst the other members of the Syndicate or new members, if any chose to join it, taking no profit from the transfer. The facts were fully notified to the Government of Queensland, and yet the Treasurer publicly accused the Bank of England of acting as no honest bank would do and of breaking its promise. The charge was repeated again and again, and the Governor of the Bank of England, through the Agent-General, called upon the Government of the colony publicly to withdraw the accusation. Instead of doing so, the Chief Secretary attempted to explain away Sir Thomas Mellwraith's words, saying that he had not intended to suggest any want of honesty or good faith on the part of the Bank, and describing his language as merely a vigorous expression of disappointment at the failure of the Bank to give the assistance expected from it. It was intimated, further, that no other communication on the subject was to be looked for from the Queensland Government. Very naturally the Governor of the Bank of England refused to allow the matter to terminate in so lame a way. He wrote to the Agent-General setting forth clearly what had actually occurred, and stating at the same time "that the relations which have subsisted between your Government and the Bank of England are at an end, except in so far as their continuance is required by the service of the existing loans which, being in the hands of the public, cannot be interfered with." Most people, we think, will approve of Mr. Lidderdale's action. He could not allow the Bank of England to remain under a charge of breach of faith, and as the Queensland Government would not withdraw the charge, he had no option but to cease to be the banker of the Government. On the other hand, it is difficult to excuse or palliate the conduct of Sir Thomas Mellwraith. If he did not clearly understand what the Bank of England had done when his charges were first put forth, it surely was his duty to make the *amende* as soon as a full explanation was offered. Apart altogether from his own feelings, and what a right-minded man would consider to be necessary, he ought to have borne in mind that the credit of his colony is sure to suffer from the fact that the Bank of England has terminated its connexion with it. There can be no doubt that the credit of the Colonial Govern-

ments has been raised very considerably by the consent of the Bank of England to act as their banker, and it would have been worth much to the colonies to have retained the connexion. But we are inclined to think that the investor need not regret. Queensland will have in future to depend more fully upon its own resources and its own good management, when dealing with the public, who will scan its resources more closely now that the prestige of the Bank of England is not reflected upon it. And the investor will benefit, we hope, also from the information afforded by this controversy. We learn that the colony in the course of last year was in a very critical position indeed, and that its credit was saved only by the friendly and active intervention of the Bank of England; that is an important fact, which, we hope, the investor will take note of.

During the week ended Wednesday night gold amounting to 823,000*l.* was withdrawn from the Bank of England, and on Thursday a further sum of 195,000*l.* The greater portion is said to have been taken by Russia. No doubt, to a large extent, that is true. The Russian Government has had deposits standing to its credit with one or two small banks in addition to its regular deposits with its financial agents here, and it has been withdrawing from those smaller banks for some time past. But it is very probable that a portion of the gold said to have been taken for Russia is really going to Austria-Hungary. The Hungarian Government is resolved upon resuming specie payments very shortly. For over a year it has been accumulating gold, and it will continue to do so whenever a favourable opportunity offers. At the same time it is putting pressure upon the Austrian Government to do the same. Just now Austria-Hungary is able to take gold because rates in London have fallen unduly. There was some recovery on Wednesday owing to large withdrawals; but bankers complain that, owing to the paralysis of speculation and the dulness of trade, there is very little demand for banking accommodation, and that it is impossible, therefore, to keep up rates. The Bank of England on its side is doing little to support the market. Probably it hopes that the natural course of things will give it control in a few weeks. From the beginning of February to the middle of March the collection of the revenue is always on an exceptionally large scale, transferring very large amounts of money from the open market to the Bank of England, and it is possible that during the next six weeks, in consequence, the Bank may be able to raise rates and so stop the efflux of gold.

The price of silver fell on Wednesday to 41½*d.* per oz. The lowest price touched before the last American Silver Act was introduced into Congress was 41½*d.* per oz., consequently the price on Wednesday was within half a farthing per oz. of the lowest ever recorded. Furthermore, the India Council on Wednesday sold its Bills at the lowest price ever accepted by it. For the moment there does not seem any probability of a material recovery, though the price on Thursday rose to 42*d.* per oz., for the demand is exceedingly small for India and the Continent, and the American speculators appear powerless to keep up the market. Possibly the Indian demand may now increase, for we have reached the time when exports from India usually become very large; but it is doubtful whether much advance will take place.

There has been a general fall in the stock markets this week. The fear of war between the United States and Chili alarmed speculators in New York and London, and almost all American securities gave way; and a speculator lately deceased had an immense account open for the rise, which had to be closed as he had ruined himself. Besides, trade in the United States is very dull in spite of the magnificent crops of last year, and especially the cotton trade is very depressed. The greatest fall has been in the stocks of Companies serving Southern States, especially Louisville and Nashville, and Norfolk and Western. The securities of both these Companies are largely held in Europe, and apparently great operators in America think it possible that the European holders may be frightened, and consequently they have been attacking these stocks. Trade at home, too, is very dull, and is likely to continue to fall away throughout the year. Possibly there may be a sharp recovery in America, and American purchasing may give a stimulus to our trade, otherwise it is to be apprehended that the fears of a further decline are only too well founded. Then, again, the drought in India and the crisis in Australia are sure to have a bad effect upon our trade with both countries, and the position of the Continent is daily growing worse. Portugal is admittedly insolvent, the crises in Spain and Italy are very acute, and the famine in Russia is growing more intense every day. The great bankers in Paris are doing all that is possible to keep up the prices of Russian securities, but it is inevitable that there must be a fall, and the fear of this is weighing upon all the Continental Bourses.

The wheat market continues surprisingly dull. The stoppage of exports from Russia was expected to lead to a considerable

rise in price, but up to the present time the receipts from abroad have been so large that the trade has become discouraged, and just now there is actual stagnation.

As was to have been expected, the quarrel between the Bank of England and the Queensland Government has caused a sharp fall in the stocks of the latter Government. The Three and a Half per Cents closed on Thursday afternoon at 90½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1¼; New South Wales Three and a Half per Cents closed at 95½, a fall of ½; and New Zealand Three and a Half per Cents closed at 93, a fall of ¼. In Rupee-paper, owing to the decline in silver, there has also been further depreciation. Thus the Four per Cents closed on Thursday at 71, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of ¾. Consols closed at 95½, a fall of ¼. In Home Railway stocks the movements are irregular, but the declines predominate. London and North-Western Ordinary closed on Thursday afternoon at 175½, a rise of ½; and North-Eastern Consols closed at 162½, a rise of as much as 1½. But Great Western closed at 161½, a fall of ½; Midland closed at 152½, a fall of ¼; and Lancashire and Yorkshire closed at 110½, a fall of ½. In the American department the greatest decline has been in Louisville and Nashville, partly because the deceased operator referred to above held a very large number of the shares, which were suddenly thrown upon the market, partly because trade in the Southern States is very bad, especially the cotton trade, and partly because the New York market has been very weak. Louisville and Nashville closed on Thursday afternoon at 77½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 3½. Norfolk and Western Preference shares closed at 51½, a fall of 1½; Canadian Pacific closed at 95½, a fall of 1½; Illinois shares closed at 111½, a fall of ½; New York Central closed at 118, also a fall of ½; and Pennsylvania shares closed at 57½, a fall of ½. The depreciation of Argentine railway stocks has gone on again very seriously during the week. Buenos Ayres Great Southern Ordinary stock closed at 103-5, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of no less than 12; Central Argentine closed at 40-3, a fall of 4; Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary closed at 61-5, also a fall of 4; and Buenos Ayres and Pacific Seven per Cent. Preference closed at 38-42, a fall of 2. Argentine Five per Cents of 1886 closed at 60½, a fall of 1½; and the Argentine Funding Six per Cents closed at 52½, a fall of 1. On account of the dispute with the United States, Chilean stocks fell 1½ during the week, the Four and a Half per Cents of 1886 having closed at 89½. There has been a very sharp fall indeed in Greek bonds, the financial position of the little kingdom being by no means satisfactory. The 1884 loan closed at 67, a fall of 5; the Four per Cent. Rentes closed at 50, a fall of 4½; and the Monopoly loan closed at 55, a fall of 3. Spanish closed on Thursday afternoon at 62½, a fall of ½; but there has been a recovery in Portuguese, which closed at 29½, a rise of 1½.

MR. HENSCHEL'S HAMLET MUSIC.

WHEN it is said that Mr. Henschel's music shows an appreciation of the tragedy at once forcible and sympathetic, high praise has been bestowed upon the excellent musician to whom a difficult task was with great discretion entrusted. At the same time the wisdom of making so marked a feature of this symphonic treatment is open to question, for the reason that the music distracts attention from the play and the players. Mr. Henschel has done exceedingly well what he was asked to do; it is the policy of the request that we doubt, for it causes the representation to partake too much in places of the nature of opera. To some extent this is due to a lack of judgment on the part of Mr. Armbruster in failing to subdue the orchestra. No doubt a conductor of a band is unwilling to believe that any feature of a play can be more important than the music he controls—or does not control; but the fact remains. Mr. Henschel has prepared the chief numbers of his score as an orchestral suite, and the intention is good, both because they were written for a fuller orchestra than that by which they are rendered at the Haymarket, and also because full attention can be bestowed upon them—they have, in fact, been played during the week at St. James's Hall. As regards *Hamlet*, "the play's the thing," not the music composed to accompany and illustrate the play. As music we greatly admire Mr. Henschel's composition; as an accompaniment to a tragedy, which obliges us to divert our mind from the story while we recall the fact that we heard a suggestion in the *entr'acte* of the theme that is now being developed, we hold the prominence here given to the score to be an absolute mistake. If *Hamlet* is found to be verging on tediousness before the end is reached, some of the blame attaches to the strain caused by the effort to master the music.

In itself there is something at once stately and sombre in Mr. Henschel's score, as there should be if the spirit of the tragedy is observed. Hamlet has his *motif*, heard first in the prelude and afterwards significantly employed; Ophelia also has a melodious theme associated with her, and given in its fullest development in the prelude to the second act. Naturally the fourth act is composed of what may be called Ophelia music, and the subject of the *entr'acte*, scored for strings, is introduced again in the Queen's speech in a way that would be most commendable if once more it did not drive us to a consideration of the music at the expense of Shakspeare. The Danish March owes something to a couple of Danish melodies which become familiar as they are repeated. The March is good; but we would reform altogether the far too literal response to Horatio's aspiration over the body of the dead Prince:—

And flight of angels sing thee to thy rest.

What is intended to be poetical becomes lamentably prosaic when we perceive how crudely this is turned into a "cue for music." The tragedy seems to us hopelessly vulgarized when the boys incontinently strike up with a vigour not in the very slightest degree suggestive of an angelic choir. Boys should not be asked to sing like angels. If the intonation of one or two of them is false—but we will not pursue the subject. The return in this number to the Ophelia theme is a sympathetic thought, and, indeed, we find so much to admire in Mr. Henschel's score that we regret to say anything that is not wholly in the spirit of praise; but the "union of the arts" theory can be carried too far.

ART IN THE ALPS.

THERE is an abnormal grandiosity in the Alps which hitherto has proved an effectual stumbling-block to the painter. The cloud-capped mountain is in nature depressing or exhilarating according to the temperament of the spectator; the climber is unhappy until he has planted his foot—or the Union Jack—upon its summit; the tourist advances so far as the railway will carry him, and returns home to brag complacently of his exploit. But the artist finds little to attract him in a country whose softer beauties suggest the comic opera, and whose vastness, overpowering in reality, is tame and of no effect when presented in a spirit of slavish imitation upon canvas. Switzerland herself, in spite of the professional picturesqueness of chalet and mountaineer, in spite of majestic scenery and heroic legend, has given birth to no eminent artist. Her most brilliant achievements are still "the clock that turns the mill and the sudden cuckoo, with difficulty restrained in its box." Where the Swiss, familiar from his cradle with the tortured forms and massy buttresses of the Alps, has always failed, the stranger is scarce likely to succeed. To one who finds London beautiful, though his vision be interrupted at ten paces by a solid fog, the spacious air, the infinite scale, and the crude colouring of Switzerland are merely puzzling. Unable to sift his impression, he vainly strives after a literal interpretation of nature, and the result commonly resembles a picture as little as an encyclopædic article resembles a poem. Mrs. Marrable and Miss Beresford, whose drawings of "The Engadine" are exhibited at the Japanese Gallery, have mastered their subject no better than their predecessors. They make small effort to bend their material to decoration, to seize essentials, to suggest by a symbol that which water-colour is powerless to present in bodily shape. All that they see is there—they see far too much—and is recorded with a timidity of impression and a literalness of style which are as inartistic as they are distressing. The crimson dawn is no more beautiful than the purple sunset; and, though Mrs. Marrable most wisely places her mountains in the background, she fails to render the effect impressive. But it were amazing had she succeeded. Year after year we are confronted with Alpine art; and who, save Mr. Stott, has brought back from Switzerland even a respectable result? And his drawings are only satisfactory because he rigorously simplifies his foregrounds, and is content to suggest the outline of the Alps after the convention of the Japanese. Indeed, history records the name of but one artist who has given an added dignity and elegance to the contour of a mountain—Hokusai, the painter of Fuji-san. How profound a contrast between Mrs. Marrable's drawings and the magnificent "Thirty-six Views"; between the English painter, who permits Nature to compose for her, and the Japanese, whose every touch is reasoned and deliberate! But Hokusai, being an artist, knew precisely how far he might proceed in the direction of naturalism. He shows you but the silhouette, recognizing always the decorative possibilities of the quaint summit and the noble sweep of the mountain-slope. The result is that his work is exquisitely beautiful, and that the form of Fuji-san is familiar to hundreds

who know not Mont Blanc. If English painters persist in their reverence for the Alps, why will they not accept the tradition of the great Hokusai? Otherwise they are more likely to find the picturesque in their own back-gardens.

THE WEATHER.

THE thaw has now come in earnest, and judging from the analogy of previous seasons we may venture to hope that we need not dread a continuance of very intense frost for this winter. The change came about in the following way. On Thursday, the 21st, we had a dense overhead fog in London, and an Atlantic depression again advanced to our north-west coast, and on that afternoon a very heavy south-west gale blew over the Hebrides. As this was not accompanied by heavy rain, it had not sufficient vitality in it to force its way inland as a storm. It did, however, bring in warm air, and by Friday morning every station in these islands reported a temperature above the freezing point, the change in some places being ten or twelve degrees. The wave of heat passed on to the Continent, especially to Germany, where the rise in temperature during Friday was remarkably rapid, being over 20° in North Germany, and as much as 33° at Munich. Rain fell generally in these islands during these days, but for the most part in insignificant quantity. Saturday here was very warm for the season at most stations; except in Scotland, the thermometer that night did not fall as low as 40°, and the maximum, even in London, was 52°. In fact, on the last days of the week now under notice temperatures of 52° and 53° have been reported at more than one of our south coast stations. Monday showed us a total change; an anti-cyclone advanced to the south of Ireland, and threatened us with a return of fogs; but Tuesday's chart showed that this was receding southwards again, and in the evening misty rain set in over southern England. Tuesday night brought on a marked fall of the barometer of more than half an inch at the northern and western stations, and Wednesday's chart comes out with isobars running east and west across the country, general fresh westerly breezes, and a remarkably uniform temperature. At 3 a.m. on Wednesday there was not a difference of more than two degrees in the reports all over England south of the Trent. In Ireland the air was warmer. Rain set in during the day at all stations, but not in great quantity. Frost has occurred at night at several stations since Sunday, and fogs have been reported locally during the week, which otherwise has been singularly uneventful.

The record of rain for January, as far as it has run, shows a decided deficiency, mostly in the south and south-west of England and west of Scotland, where more than an inch is wanted to make up the average since January 1. We may, therefore, hope that a good deal of the flood-water has run off the land ere this.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

THE ARCHEOLOGY OF "HENRY VIII."

THERE can be no question as to the interest of the revival of *Henry VIII.* at the Lyceum for the archaeologist and artist, and this quite independently of the acting, of the excellence of which we have already spoken at length on a previous occasion. It is, however, a curious fact that scarcely a single monument mentioned in this play is now in existence, and this shows how terribly London has suffered from the effects of the religious wars of the sixteenth century and the ravages of the Great Fire in the seventeenth. Blackfriars, Bridewell Palace, the old Palace Yard, Westminster, Whitehall, Greyfriars Church, Greenwich, and the King's Stairs at Westminster have been swept away like Prospero's insubstantial pageant. Therefore, when Mr. Henry Irving and his admirable scenic artist, Mr. Hawes Craven, had to reproduce these buildings, they had more or less to copy from a few very old views of London, or to draw extensively upon their knowledge of the archaeology and architecture of London in the sixteenth century.

The first scene of the second act affords us a most picturesque panorama of London from the "King's Stairs at Westminster," and, however majestic may be the actual Thames Embankment, it can never be as beautiful as it was in the olden time, for the simple reason that the present magnificent thoroughfare is built in an architecture which, though it may be suitable under the clear skies of Italy, produces the reverse of a satisfactory effect in our foggy atmosphere. Nothing more charming in its way can be well imagined than the groups of black timbered houses on the left-hand side of the stage, or more interesting than the irregular outlines of the noble mansions, none of which now

exists, on the opposite bank; and as we look on this triumph of Mr. Hawes Craven's art we cannot forbear regretting that Italian and classical architecture should ever have been allowed to predominate, as it has done until lately, in modern London.

We have a charming external as well as an internal view of Bridewell Palace, sufficiently picturesque to make us regret the entire destruction of this Royal residence, which took place in the reign of Edward VI. It was newly rebuilt by Henry VIII., at the time of the trial of Katherine, in the Tudor style of architecture. Edward VI. presented it to Bishop Ridley to be converted to a charitable purpose; but in the last century the very worst characters in London were confined there, and obliged to beat hemp and undergo corporal punishment. Not a vestige of the old palace remains, although in 1825 a few fragments of it could still be traced in some of the adjacent houses. Henry VIII. fitted it up magnificently for the reception of the Emperor Charles V., who visited England in 1525; but, after the expense he went to, the Emperor, much to the annoyance of the King, established himself in the neighbouring monastery of Black Friars, which was almost opposite.

Mr. Irving follows Mr. Charles Kean's arrangement of the trial scene. The two Cardinals are placed at the back of the stage, and the King, in solitary state, on the right-hand side. The Queen occupies a chair opposite to the King, and the secretaries are in the centre, at the feet of the two Cardinals. This is pretty nearly as Cavendish has described the scene in his *Life of Wolsey*; but, if we may believe Campeggio's account, Henry VIII. occupied a raised throne under a dais, with Wolsey at some distance on his right side, and Campeggio still lower down on the left.

Much controversy has arisen concerning a piece of stage "business" which Mr. Irving, following a well-known stage tradition, introduces in this scene. When the two Cardinals are about to quit the Court, Mr. Irving as Wolsey pushes himself with scant courtesy in front of the Papal Legate, and takes, as it were, violent precedence of him. Some writers have thought that Mr. Irving was ill-judged in retaining this effective piece of "business." Others, on the other hand, seem to think it a gross violation of probability. Campeggio, however, in his letters to Salviati, the Papal Secretary, throws some very curious light upon the manner in which he was treated both by Henry VIII. and Wolsey. He was certainly not an easy person to manage; for, like most Italians, he was extremely suspicious, and, moreover, a martyr to gout. But the King and Wolsey must have been enough to have tried the patience of Job. One day they were most friendly and cordial, the next they were cold and insolent. Campeggio seems to have thought very well of Wolsey, however, and frequently mentions his "graceful manners"; but he could be at times very arrogant—*molto arrogante*. Campeggio, however, was possessed of the very spirit of discontent. He was first lodged at Bath House, one of the most splendid mansions of the period. The Bishop of Bath, Dr. Clark, was by no means pleased to have to make way for the Italian Cardinal, and wrote to Dr. Stephen Gardiner to the effect that Campeggio and his people had so painted the mansion to Wolsey "that it seemeth that lodging in there, ye would have lodged him in a pig-sty." The Bishop must have carried away the better part of the house linen, for on October 14th, 1558, a warrant was issued to Sir Andrew Windsour, Grand Master of the King's Household, to deliver to the Legate of Rome twelve feather beds and bolsters, twenty-four pairs of sheets, and twelve pairs of blankets.

As to Mr. Henry Irving's splendid appearance in his Cardinal's robes of delicate pink silk, we have heard a great deal of late about the choice of this particular colour. Some have said that Mr. Irving had no authority for its use; others, that it is the correct thing for a Cardinal's dress. In that rare work *De S.R.E. Cardinalium Vestibus* of Plautus, at p. 60, we learn the following details concerning the costumes of their Eminences, the Cardinals. Their ordinary dress, says Plautus, is black, edged with scarlet, and with scarlet buttons and button-holes. From their shoulders may hang a cloak of black or scarlet silk or stuff. Their State dress must be of scarlet, in shade approaching vermilion, and it can be made of silk, velvet, watered silk, moiré antique, cloth, and even of thinner materials. In Lent their Eminences must be dressed in violet, the colour of penance, but on two Sundays in the year—i.e. the third in Advent and the fourth in Lent, called respectively *Lætare* and *Gaudete*, they may, to illustrate their joy at the near approach of the festivals of Christmas and Easter, array themselves in *rose pink*, but only on the condition that immediately after Vespers they again reassume purple or violet.

It is a rather curious fact that Campeggio at the Lyceum is represented with a beard, whereas a fine and unique portrait of him, in the possession of his descendant, the Marquis Malvezzi Campeggio, shows him as a fat man without a beard. In a curious old drawing of Wolsey surrendering the Great Seal, he is introduced as wearing a very long black beard.

Possibly, as at this period prelates were allowed to wear beards or not as they chose, sometimes Wolsey may have been seen with one, and at others without. At the Lyceum, Mr. Irving follows the best-known portraits of the Cardinal, and represents him without a beard. People who chatter so much about stage accuracy are perhaps unaware that Wolsey lost one eye when a young man, and hence all his portraits are taken in profile. Mr. Irving could scarcely be asked to pluck his right eye out to please these faddists!

The most magnificent scene in the play, as represented at the Lyceum, is undoubtedly the closing picture of all—the christening of the Princess Elizabeth, in the Greyfriars Church at Greenwich. Of course, the scenic artist has had to draw upon his imagination for the architectural details of this church, which we are assured, however, was an exceptionally fine one, and doubtless very like its reproduction on the stage of the Lyceum.

A word about the costumes. They are one and all superb. Every personage seems to have stepped out of a picture by Holbein or Lucas de Heere. Fortunately we still possess that invaluable series of drawings from life of the principal personages of the Court of Henry VIII., and from these drawings and from several other paintings by Holbein and De Heere, Mr. Irving has dressed his company. And here we should like to call attention, not only to the picturesqueness, but to the convenience, of the male costume during the first twenty-five years of the sixteenth century. Many of our doctors are assuring us that an extraordinary amount of pulmonary disease is due to the fact that men are in the habit of going about of an evening much more lightly dressed than during the daytime, wearing waistcoats of a thinner material and open in front upon the chest, precisely the part of the body which should be most protected. Now the doublet screens the chest from every wind, and can be made of the lightest material in summer, and of the heaviest in winter. It is quite true that the legs were more exposed than they are at present; but at the same time, if we study minutely the drawings and engravings of the sixteenth century, we observe that in winter the men are represented as either wearing worsted stockings, gaiters, or long boots. It is a mistake to imagine that the streets of London in the sixteenth century presented a much more lively appearance than they do at present. The everyday dress of the people, even of the highest rank, was almost invariably made of broadcloth of a sober colour, occasionally enlivened with velvet and smart ribbons. It was only on State occasions, or festivities, parties, balls, and public entertainments, that the gay silks and velvets and the cloth of gold were exhibited, and it must be remembered that so costly were the materials which could then be employed in male or female dress, that not unfrequently parents left their best clothes by will to their favourite children as a much-valued legacy.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A CERTAIN excitement has been given to the concerts of the past week by the knowledge that the programme announced would in all probability undergo some alteration owing to the illness of one or more of the performers. Perhaps of the important concerts Sir Charles Hallé's on Friday evening suffered least; for, although the conductor was not well enough to play the Concerto set down for him, he was able to conduct the whole programme, and Lady Hallé acted as his substitute, playing Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in a manner that delighted the majority of an extremely small audience. Musicians were surprised to notice how great a difference of opinion existed as to the pace of the last movement between soloist and conductor, but were, of course, inclined to attribute the defect to the inevitable want of rehearsal. Happily this piece was not the chief attraction of the concert, which began, very appropriately, with the Trauermarsch from *Die Götterdämmerung*, played with much effect. It was a happy thought to give immediately after this the beautiful *Siegfried-Idyll* by the same master, since the two pieces contain between them the whole musical conception of Wagner's hero. Both have been frequently heard to greater advantage under Dr. Richter, but the passages for solo wind instruments have very seldom been better played. It was not until the latter part of the programme that the incomparable excellence of the Manchester orchestra made itself felt. Both in the pretty "Rouet d'Omphale" of Saint-Saëns, and throughout the second Symphony by Brahms, the players covered themselves with such glory as the innumerable hearers were competent to confer. The playing of the strings in the opening of the "Symphonic Poem," a title borrowed from Liszt by the French composer, was a thing to be remembered, and no less remarkable was the ending of the first movement of the Symphony. In the course of the second movement a masterly passage of imitation is given to the wind

instruments; in this, each part was exquisitely played, and a more perfect interpretation has never been given of what often strikes the listener as one of the main difficulties in the score. The delicious Allegretto, with its strong Schubertian influence, was superbly played, and the Finale in like manner left nothing to be desired. It is curious to reflect that a programme which, even without the extra attraction of a Concerto played by a popular artist, would infallibly have drawn a crowded audience to a Richter concert in the height of the season, should have aroused so little interest in that part of the public which is most able to pay. If perfection of *ensemble* and the complete realization of the composer's intentions had anything to say to the matter it would not be as it is. The common phrase, "to give concerts," was never more appropriately employed than in regard to these entertainments, so delightful to those who have the wit to attend them.

The London musical public differs so completely from the Athenians that it cannot be drawn by any new thing; the success of an enterprise would seem to depend more on its age than on its merits. Of course, this peculiarity has its good as well as its evil side, and no musician can possibly regret the increased amount of favour bestowed on the gallant undertaking of Mr. Henschel, whose last orchestral concert had to be postponed, since it was to have taken place on the very day on which the Duke of Clarence died. Several important alterations were thus rendered necessary, among which the most to be regretted was the fact that M. César Thomson, a famous Belgian violin-player, could not remain in England until the concert was actually given. His place was taken by a Polish violinist, M. Gorski, who played the beautiful Concerto in G minor of Max Bruch with great artistic feeling and a certain amount of virtuosity. Neither in tone nor in executive ability is he at all extraordinary (his occasional lapses from true intonation are, of course, more the fault of our pitch than of his ear); but he plays with much expression, and his rendering of the Adagio was in all respects admirable. The Funeral March, which has formed a fitting opening to the majority of recent concerts, was on this occasion happily chosen from Dr. Mackenzie's *Story of Sayid*, one of the composer's best works, in which the March is, perhaps, the best number. It was played a good deal better than the Prelude to *Lohengrin*, which followed it, and in which the strings were sadly lacking in refinement. Schubert's immortal Unfinished Symphony had the place of honour in the programme, and was adequately played. As Mrs. Henschel was unable to appear in the Duet from *Béatrice et Bénédicte*, Madame Hope Glenn sang "Pupille sdegnose," from Handel's part of *Mucio Scevola*, and the novelty of the concert was kept until the end. Of Mr. Henschel's *Hamlet* music we write elsewhere.

Mrs. Henschel's illness prevented one of the chief attractions of the Monday Popular Concert from taking place, since she was to have sung the soprano part of the new quartets by Brahms, which were heard at these concerts before Christmas. Mr. Henschel sang Loewe's beautiful "Erl King"—a setting of the words which at last, thanks to this singer, is taking the place it has long deserved—and the same composer's "Heinrich der Vogler." Both were given with great effect. The concerted pieces were Mendelssohn's String Quartet in A minor, and Schumann's Pianoforte Quartet in E flat; in the latter Mlle. Janotha was associated with Mme. Neruda, Herr Straus, and Signor Piatti. The pianist gave a curiously ineffective rendering of Chopin's Polonaise in F sharp minor, a piece which she used to play with surpassing effect; and, as an encore, performed, in a strangely perfunctory manner, and with quite absurd rapidity, the same composer's "Marche Funèbre." Two familiar pieces for the violin by Ries completed the programme.

At the concert given by the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society (would that a less clumsy title could have been found for the scheme!) on Friday night at the Royal Academy room, several interesting works were performed by Messrs. W. L. Barrett, Egerton, Busby, Wotton, and other artists. Among them was a Quintet in G by Reicha; a Sonata for flute and piano by Mr. J. F. Barnett, in which the composer took part; an expressive Trio for clarinet, bassoon, and piano by Glinka, written on the motto "*Je n'ai connu l'amour que par les peines qu'il cause*," and an original and cleverly written Sextet by Ludwig Thuile, a work which won recently a second prize in a competition at Vienna.

HAMLET AT THE HAYMARKET.

IF "one man in his time plays many parts," it is equally certain that every actor of ambition, skill, and power feels bound, sooner or later, to attack *Hamlet*. Mr. Tree has the three qualities referred to, and he has taken his own time for producing

the play and acting the great part himself. It is a very great part, and a very long part, and throws more work upon Mr. Tree than anything he has undertaken before. Some time ago we ventured to predict that Mr. Tree had at his command a career in romantic drama, and no drama is more romantic than *Hamlet*. Our prediction is fulfilled, but as yet not absolutely. Mr. Tree's *Hamlet* is throughout interesting and picturesque, and as time goes on the faults we have now to find may possibly disappear. The actor has a distinct conception of the part, in that he makes *Hamlet* a prince cursed with melancholy and foreboding; wanting always in deed, but never in thought. This is one of the many views which may be taken of the most puzzling part—in some ways—that Shakspeare ever wrote.

In the first few scenes Mr. Tree's *Hamlet* is marked by a singular gentleness both of bearing and haviour. The fault, which becomes more accentuated later on, is a certain slowness of utterance. The gait, too, though it belongs to Mr. Tree's conception, is open to objection, on the score that it reminds one too much of Agag, graceful as it is. But this criticism is, perhaps, further-fetched than Mr. Tree's in many ways excellent performance deserves.

Mr. Tree's entrance is effective and poetical, and gives the key to his subsequent reading of the part. The great soliloquy—

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt!—

would be more telling for less restlessness, well played as it is. One new touch is very specially to be commended—the dallying with Ophelia as she, last of the Court, leaves the room. At this point Mrs. Tree and Mr. Tree combined to give a very delicate touch of the romance of the play. The scene with the Ghost is, on Mr. Tree's part, full of merit; but yet it lacks all the sense of horror that one expects. This, no doubt, may be partly due to the fact that Mr. Fernandez, despite the excellency of the stage arrangements, is a somewhat earthly Ghost here, as again in what is called "the Closet scene," and in the first Ghost scene we find this fault with Mr. Tree, that, whether or not he realizes the hysterical passion of *Hamlet*, he has not as yet succeeded in expressing it. The burning words came too dull and flat from his mouth. Mr. Tree's theory is, as we take it, the right one, that *Hamlet* did put an antic disposition on, and was not mad; but in the interview with his friends, after he has spoken with the Ghost, there is little room for doubt that he was, to say the least, unhinged. Mr. Tree seemed to us to take this scene too slowly and too coldly. The suggestion of wild humour came tardy off, and from the head rather than from the heart. It should surely have a ring of spontaneity, and just that ring was lacking; and this brings us to a failing throughout the part which Mr. Tree may correct in time. That failing is this. Mr. Tree has proved himself many a time an admirable comedian. In playing *Hamlet* he has left the comedy, and there should be much of it, entirely out. Witness specially the scene with Osrice when the challenge from Laertes is brought to him. Here, as indeed throughout the last two acts, Mr. Tree seems to fail in lightness and energy. He becomes, it must be said, monotonous and heavy. Indeed this scene, which should be lighted by the humour which goes with pathos, is one long, low wail. It is only fair to say that in the last scene of the play Mr. Tree wakes up, and produces a fine and well-won effect. And now to come to the obvious points for praise in Mr. Tree's *Hamlet*. Picturesque and graceful we have already indicated that it is, but that is not the whole art of acting. For passion it would be difficult to better Mr. Tree's delivery of the "Oh, what a rogue and peasant-slave am I!" speech; as for tenderness, marred necessarily by suspicion, one could not wish improvement on his scene with Ophelia while the King and Polonius are behind the arras. So with the Play scene, in which there is not much room for invention, and in which Mr. Tree follows more or less the best methods with incisive strength of purpose. The subsequent scene with Horatio suggests more than it ought the meaning of *Hamlet*'s own words, "Something too much of this." The mere fact that *Hamlet* comments thus on his own conduct should be enough to restrain a practised actor from overdoing the familiar affection for his friend. Mr. Tree is, perhaps, not at his best in the scene with the Queen—a very difficult one to play. One touch in the graveyard scene is very well worth noting. Mr. Tree restores the action of leaping into the grave, and when the stage is empty, *Hamlet* comes back alone to kiss the very earth in which Ophelia is buried. So in a former love scene with Ophelia he has come back to kiss her hair whilst she is swooning. The fencing scene is arranged on the lines which Signor Salvini laid down, but with a difference, and is very well done.

Ophelia—a part which until the days of Fechter and Miss Kate Terry had been little thought of—is played by Mrs. Tree with complete poetry and pathos. Indeed it is not too much to quote the

lines of Laertes, "thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, she turns to favour and to prettiness." For the rest, Miss Leclercq's Queen was, as to be expected, an excellent piece of work. Mr. Macklin's Claudius was far the most plausible "damned villain" that has been seen for years. Mr. Kemble's Polonius is a very well-considered study of what Polonius was, a fatuous gentleman; but we wish that Mr. Kemble would be a little less free in the use of his arms to illustrate his meaning.

Mr. Arthur Dacre plays Horatio as an honest soldierly nobleman and friend. For Mr. Fred Terry's Laertes we have nothing but high praise, save in one small regard. There is no indication in his face or voice, in the fencing scene, that he repents him of his treachery, until quite the last moment, and at that last moment, let us add, he is more than adequate.

REVIEWS.

THE BROWNING CYCLOPEDIA.*

THINKS he hath almost had enough of this; Snap, quirk, jibe, jape, all prepositionless. Poetry, fogs! discount the music, hey? make Madame Sphinx jerk out her riddle-stuff and call it poetry? 't is very well! But now must come our learned Medico, one Pardo, Berdoo. What's the style of him? Licentiate of the Royal, so it runs, College of Surgeons, England; Surgeons, hey? And here he turns the poetry to prose, discoursing, annotating, digging up what Hickey says and Furnivall approves, here in the *Browning Cyclopædia*. Will say a plain word ere he reads the stuff. Bosh! do ye take me? so the butter's called they vend, or (learned) Oleo Margarine. And first our Berdoo hath his queries, he—"What are cue owls?" "What's Latin for swine's snout?" "What was Pappacoda?" perchance "the food that they feed fools upon," my Marryat, thanks! "What was the sole joke of Thucydides?" Englished he is by Jowett, and by Dale; go read him, Berdoo; find the jape thyself, and find who Betringarius may have been, and who *L'Ingegn*—marry 't is thyself, old Berdoo, with thy pages five seven two, of prose and patter. Cyclopædia! methinks I know where such a tome should speed; Sibrandus Schafna (you remember him?) gapes for our Berdoo from his hollow tree.

What, so ye think our brains are mouldy cheese that you must lay your telescope about, and show, in prose, the poet's sun at noon. Take it, here's poet none can understand. Pore, bite nails, tear the hair out by the roots, vex head with sleepless studies, vigils, say; then wherefore call the skumble-scumble stuff by that old name the Muses made in Greece. Poets! a poet sings, a poet shines, clear as the crystal, vocal as the stone that hails the sunrise on the Nubian sands. But poetry whereof nor head nor tail, nor top nor bottom, can be made by man, unaided by a *Cyclopædia*, pooh Berdoo, 't is a sorry compliment. *Jam satis* already, enough! thy construe runs, see woful page three forty-five for this, the right-hand corner; *jam satis* we cry. Enough of thine encyclopædia, thy learning something smacks; the cultured herd who gape and are not fed by poetry, who hate the crystal, clear sonorous line, Berdoo, may wear thine image in their hats, thy leaden image, as the traitor King (quick, Berdoo, *Quentin Durward*, that's your style) went crowned by all the saints his hat-band held. But we were born to other guesswork, we, to love the poets men could understand, and did not make a boast of understanding, nor cackle over in Societies, nor need all *Notes and Queries* to explain.

For this, your poet, when poetical, as clear he is as any other man, and when he's not poetical if fogs, we leave him on the shelves; brown mouse may gnaw, bookworm wind, feeding through the uncut leaves, but we, no thank you! Munching pomegranates is pleasant; munching granite—take the pun?—is harder fare, though sandwiched 'twixt a slice of Berdoo, and another hunch of Jones, or savoured with thy garlic, Furnivall. "A few hours puzzling o'er a difficult page" is fun, perchance, to a licentiate, but poetry's no puzzle; mum's the word. We want no lexicon of Tennyson, Wordsworth and Byron crave no scholiast, Scott needs no Furnivall, and Kents is clear, and these suffice, *sans cyclopædia*. Nettleship, Thomson, Beale, and Marx and Ord, Johnson and Bary, Corson, Fotheringham, Glazebrook and Ormerod and Furnivall, Bulkeley and Fleming, Pearson, Outram, West, these are thine allies, with some hundred more, who seek the "one joke in Thucydides." The one joke! why you make it, palpable, gross as the millstone, not worth seeing through, you peering purblind set of commentators.

Hath said a plain word, Bosh, will say no more.

* *The Browning Cyclopædia*. By Edward Berdoo. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

FICTION.*

THE leading idea in *A King's Daughter* is the distinction between excessive liking and love, and this distinction is admirably drawn. To make the contrast the stronger, the heroine is represented as supposing that she will never again see the man whom she loves, and that he neither cares for her nor ever has cared for her. Her own opinions upon love are thrown into greater relief, again, by those of a near relative, friend, and companion, who defines it as "between man and woman," "a duel to the death, with no quarter given on either side." The heroine was an apostle of the gospel of oxygen, in spite of the warnings of an old servant that "it wasn't right for young ladies to go poking their noses into drains." And when a friend told her that her little efforts to make the poor of London healthier and happier could be at best so infinitesimal as to be no better than an attempt to "empty the sea with a teacup!" she replied:—

After all, wiping away a sad woman's tears, turning a man away from only one sin, making a child happy if only for one hour, giving a few flowers or a kind word to brighten a dreary spot—they are all such little things, and yet, what else in the world is much better worth the doing?—Vol. ii. p. 222.

It must not be supposed that oxygen is the only gospel preached by the heroine; indeed, her very first flirtation is over religion, which, as everybody knows, is of all flirtations the most dangerous. Although the story is of the kind which the reader knows from the first will "come all right in the end," it is decidedly interesting. The dialogues are fair throughout, and excellent in parts. We are not quite sure that it was judicious to introduce long descriptions of Borneo just before the grand climax in the third volume; and, if too good to be condemned as padding, they cannot so easily escape the charge of being extraneous matter. The weak point in the story is the hero's going away for a long period without a word of explanation to the heroine, after almost asking her to marry him. The reasons given are not sufficient, unless it be admitted that he was a fool, and such an admission would take away half the pleasure and interest of the novel. There are a few phrases which we could have wished altered, such as "took a photograph up from the table, and stood it on a wooden easel"; "frightened of thunder," and "with that she went back to the table." The virtues of this novel, however, far exceed its failings.

Or "Pleasant Dreams" would have made a good addition to the title of *Peter Ibbetson*. The hero and the heroine have learned the art of "dreaming true." That is to say, they can recall in their sleep any past scene of their lives. Moreover, when both are asleep at the same time, their "dual existences," or whatever we may please to call them, have the power of meeting, provided each chooses the same trysting place, and either can bring before the imagination of the other its past experiences. By this means, while undergoing penal servitude for life, Peter Ibbetson was able thoroughly to enjoy himself during eight hours out of every twenty-four; for he not only possessed the faculty of dreaming true, but of dreaming all night. As the heroine was a great Duchess, who had seen everybody and everything that was interesting or beautiful in Europe, she was able to provide her fellow-dreamer with endless luxuries and pleasures. Through her endeavours they usually spent their sleeping-hours in a magnificent building constructed by her memory, every room and chamber being a duplicate of one that she had seen in a royal or other sumptuous palace. She fed him upon the most unexceptionable recollected dinners; she took him to operas and let him enjoy songs by Mario and Grisi; if he looked upon the walls of their sitting-rooms, she made him see pictures by the great masters; if he looked out of the window, a splendid landscape or a grand sea, as she pleased. When, however, the dreamers are made to conjure up visions (pretty as most of them are) of things and persons which existed before their own time, the method of their proceedings is more difficult to follow, and we think that the story is thereby somewhat weakened. The willing horse becomes a little over-ridden when he is asked to believe that the hero and heroine could "dream true" about various antiquities from their great-great-grandmothers to mammoths. The complications, again, which ensued after the death of the heroine become a little "mixed." There are many very charming and not a few very original passages in this most attractive and original book. The author is very emphatic upon the subject of scents, which, "like musical sounds, are rare sublimators of the essence of memory." "Oh, that I could hum or whistle an old French smell! I could evoke all Paris, sweet pre-Imperial Paris, in a single whiff." The letterpress of this book affords an interesting proof that the powers of an artist who is a close and an accurate observer of character and detail are by no means limited to the medium of

draughtsmanship for their expression. As to the illustrations, to say that they are by Mr. Du Maurier is to say that they are first rate; but it would not be fair to that great artist to describe some of them, which are almost necessarily rather sketchy and skimpy, as the finest specimens of his work.

A page of *The Railway-Man and his Children* contains twice as many words as a page of many ordinary novels; therefore the three volumes of this book are equal to six of many others, and who can say that that is a little? Yet even at the end of what is equal to six volumes the novel cannot be said to be finished, and a hint is given of a possible sequel; so that by the time we have read twelve ordinary volumes we may perhaps know whether Archie and Rosamond married. It would hardly be too much to say that the amount of writing that Mrs. Oliphant gets through, most of it passable, much of it good, and some of it excellent, is one of the minor wonders of this wonderful age. In this particular novel the "Railway-Man" is a widower and a self-made engineer of enormous wealth, who marries an impoverished lady, early in the book, and the chief interest lies in the proceedings of his grown-up son and daughter, Archie and Marion, and their friends Eddy and Rosamond, the children of the first love of the railway-man's second wife. Eddy and Marion marry—a most unsatisfactory match—but, as we have already said, the nuptials of Archie and Rosamond are reserved for another novel. All four are more or less odious, the good characters of the story being the railway-man and his wife. Rosamond's accounts of her father, who is paralysed, are entertaining. Somebody asks her whether she has yet been to a ball, and she replies in the negative. "I am eighteen," she says; "but father's condition stops him from doing many things—that he does not care to do." His complaint is not softening of the brain, she assures another friend. On the contrary, his brain is marvellously active. She has heard him take in her "uncle the Bishop" "with an account of his pious feelings, and how it is all for his good, and so forth," until any one would have thought "he was a saint," and the poor Bishop himself looked "bothered, knowing too much to quite believe it." She "shrieked with laughter when he was gone, and so did" her father. The best secondary characters are an old crippled gamekeeper and the railway-man's sister-in-law by his first wife. The latter of the pair, when the railway-man returns from India with great wealth, and takes a large house, complains bitterly because "now he has gotten a housekeeper, and never even offered me the place." The description of the renewal of his acquaintance with his son and daughter, who have been entirely brought up and educated under the superintendence of this excellent but homely female, is one of the leading features of the book. Mrs. Oliphant makes a forger behave unlike other forgers in confessing his crime to save the innocent, an Englishman speak unlike other Englishmen in saying "I will be" instead of "I shall be," and an Eton boy talk unlike other Eton boys in saying "There's other reasons."

A colonel, a colonel who throws himself at full length upon a crimson-velvet sofa in the drawing-room of his aunt's suburban villa, with a bottle of Madeira and a box of Havannahs at his elbow, on a hot summer's afternoon, and rides a horse that has won the Ascot Cup as a hack, woos his aunt's companion, a girl named Lenore, in *Through Rifted Clouds*. They go abroad, ostensibly to make a clandestine marriage; but the colonel deceives Lenore and does not marry her at all. When it suits his convenience, he breaks the news to her that they are not man and wife, and that she must leave him. She goes, starves on dressmaking for a time, and then betakes herself to the river, in order to drown herself. Just as she is about to make the fatal plunge, she meets a man with ten thousand a year, who has been looking everywhere for her, and wants to marry her. With him, we read, she finds "the peace that passeth understanding." Women like the heroine, we are told, "are haunting apparitions" and "they make existence an enigmatical phantasmagoria, so that we listen longingly for the sweet chords that one day will 'link all perplexed meanings'—chords, we may observe, which have not yet sounded in the ears of perplexed reviewers! Towards the end of the last volume the author writes in rather a psychical strain. The man with ten thousand a year "was conscious of a multitude of objects, or phenomena, a kind of thought-transference passing around him—outside the sphere of acute observation—that, while appealing to his perception, yet baffled his senses." And after another sentence and a half of some chaotic mystery which is beyond our understanding, it seems that "what he was temporarily denied had floated to her through some marvellous psychological process." Then he dropped off into a "semi-conscious state that yet formulated prayer." Her spirit, on the contrary, "borne on some luminous cloud, had lingered on the verge of the grave, and then almost unwillingly re-entered the human tenement in which it was imprisoned." So, of course, they married.

We cannot honestly say that *Idonea* is a pleasant book. The hero began by lecturing the heroine about "the world to come"; and he ended by living with her in a small retired house from Saturdays till Mondays, spending the rest of the week at Richmond with his wife and family. "Dearest," he said to her one day, "the purity of our love lifts it above accepted standards," and he placed a plain gold ring on her fourth finger. In the same pious strain, she spoke of "passion's golden purity," with "a sweet, rare blush, and downcast eyes." Said he, "We know how supremely holy the ties that bind us are." This particular form of supreme holiness is commonly called a breach of the seventh commandment.

* *A King's Daughter*. A Novel. By G. Cardella. 3 vols. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1892.

Peter Ibbetson. With an Introduction by his Cousin, Lady **** ("Madge Plunkett"). Edited and Illustrated by George Du Maurier. London: Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co. 1892.

The Railway-Man and his Children. By Mrs. Oliphant. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co.

Through Rifted Clouds. A Novel. By Annabel Gray. 2 vols. London: Eden, Remington, & Co.

Idonea. By Thalia Marsden. London: Eden, Remington, & Co.

Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman. By Mrs. W. K. Clifford, Author of "Mrs. Keith's Crime" &c. London: Edward Arnold.

Two out of the three women who are represented as having contributed the correspondence entitled *Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman* do not appear to us more worldly than their neighbours, nor should we say that the correspondent whose letters are specially labelled with the name of the book was the most worldly of the trio; but all three are unsatisfactory women, changeable women, wrong-headed women, wrong-hearted women, and we should be sorry to receive love-letters from either of them. Each of the correspondences is rather lengthy, especially the second; yet the book is an entertaining one enough. The first lady is very angry with her lover because he says that he reverences her for her goodness. "I do not want reverence," she writes. "It goes to passion's funeral." And then she wonders "if husbands are so often unfaithful because their wives are good." What she desires is "life and love, not vegetation and affection." To which her correspondent replies:—"Talk as you will about affection, it's the best thing to get married on; blazing passion fizzles out pretty soon and leaves precious little behind." But she thinks otherwise, so they part. It may be readily understood that things do not go very smoothly between number two and the object of her affections, when we say that she writes of him to a friend:—"I have so often wished that I could kill him, that I could see him lying stark and dead, and know that I had done it"; and she longs to put her face against his corpse "till its icy coldness" sends a shudder through her. Perhaps she wished for this refrigerating influence to counteract the "little licking tongues of hell's fire round her heart." Number three is anxious to break off her engagement because, as she writes to her betrothed, "we have nothing to say; and while we sit and stare at each other my soul seems to be far off." She is polite enough to add:—"It is almost a relief when you go; yet I dread the tenderness of your good-bye." If justice is not done to its vast subject, the book is not unamusing.

CALENDAR OF PATENT ROLLS.*

WE have here the first fruits of an undertaking of uncommon magnitude, the publication of an "English Calendar of the Patent Rolls from the reign of Edward I. to that of Henry VII. inclusive." Of the projected series Calendars for the reigns of Edward I. and Edward II. are, we are informed, in the press, while a Calendar for the reign of Richard II. is in progress. The present thick volume extends only over the first four years of Edward III. to September 1330. Several attempts have already been made, as the editor, the Deputy-Keeper of the Records, notes, to present in one form and another the contents of different portions of the mediæval Patent Rolls, and the Latin transcript of those belonging to the reign of John, from the third year of that King, when the series begins, by the late Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, is specially noteworthy, as he prefixed to it an introduction of the highest value. The character and history of the Patent Rolls having been expounded in this introduction, the present editor has generally confined himself in his preface to the exposition of the plan of the work on which the Public Record Office has now embarked under his supervision. No fault can, we think, be found with this plan as regards either the length of the abstracts, the few omissions that will be made, or the treatment of proper names. Impressed with the necessity of preserving as far as possible the original Rolls from the deterioration that inevitably attends a frequent handling of such documents, Mr. Maxwell Lyte has caused everything likely to be useful for any reasonable purpose to be included in these abstracts, which are, he says, "so full that in ordinary cases no further information can be obtained from the Rolls themselves." They record a multitude of Royal Acts of various kinds, though their contents is less diversified than under the Angevin kings, a change in this respect having been brought about by the judicial system elaborated by Edward I. By far the larger number of Rolls calendared in this volume relate to licences, pardons, letters of protection, appointments, grants, mandates, and commissions of oyer and terminer. Among the matters with which they deal we have noted the proofs of the disturbed state of the country, consequent on the late rebellion against Edward II., that are afforded by the numerous grants of pardons for murders in different parts, the complaint of the Chancellor and scholars of the University of Oxford that malefactors were harboured in the town, and some entries concerning the London house of the Bardi, and debts due by the society of the Scali. Several other notices of economic interest will be found here, such as the confirmation, already printed by Herbert, to the mystery of the Skinners of London, of an ordinance relating to the size and quality of furs to be sold in the city, and at the fairs of Boston, Winchester, St. Ives, Stamford, St. Edmunds, and elsewhere, a grant to the Girdlers of London that no man of the mystery should garnish girdles with false work of lead, pewter, or tin, and the Ordinance of the Staple issued on May 1, 1327. Some of the Rolls refer to the troubles of the last reign, and to the rebellion of the Queen; one presents us with a list of grants received by Queen Isabella in furtherance of a resolution of Parliament that her dower should

be increased in value from 4,500 to 20,000 marks, which Murimuth declared left the King only a third of the revenues of the Crown; another of some interest recites the processes upon the petition of Roger Mortimer for the annulling of the judgment against his uncle Roger Mortimer of Chirk and himself. It is pleasant to find Queen Philippa interceding with the King four months after her marriage for a certain Agnes, daughter of Alice Penrith, a child under eleven, who had been found guilty of "robbery," and was to have been kept in the Marshalsea until of an age to undergo judgment. The child was pardoned. The Queen-Dowager Isabella, too, interceded, appropriately enough, on behalf of Christiana, the widow of a London potter, who was lying in Newgate under sentence for the murder of her husband. One use to which the earlier Patent Rolls may be put was not neglected by a former editor. As the presence of the King was deemed necessary for his attestation of Patent Rolls, they are, down to the time when Chancery became stationary at Westminster towards the end of the reign of Edward III., a safe guide as to the King's movements, and Sir T. D. Hardy accordingly appended to the Introduction before-mentioned an Itinerary of King John. It is to be hoped that in this series of Calendars the present Deputy-Keeper of the Records will in this respect follow the example of his eminent predecessor. The index to this volume is wonderfully full and well arranged, and occupies not less than two hundred pages.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Forsyth Brothers a series of twelve "Kleine Tonstücke," for the pianoforte, by Nicolai von Wilm, which are decidedly above the average of modern pianoforte music. They are short, fresh, and just the sort of pieces that would repay learning by heart. The most noticeable among them are No. 7, "Am Meer," and No. 12, "Die Waldekapselle," in both of which the opening themes are remarkable for their rich and sound harmonies. Of a lighter character are No. 11 and No. 12. "Schneeflocken," six pretty little pieces, by the same author; the last "Etude" is very melodious. "Monothemes, Confidences, and Confessions for the Pianoforte," by Tobias A. Matthey, are irregular compositions of the modern romantic school; they contain some very good writing and fine harmonies, especially the first piece in the book, but the sentiment in parts is so much exaggerated as to give the impression of mere affectation and straining after effect. "Twilight," three melodious pieces by Cornelius Gurlitt, are unambitious, but graceful and pleasing; the second, a "Nocturne," is very light and pretty. We have also from the same publisher "Valse de Concert, pour piano, par Arthur Desmond," not at all difficult, and fairly effective.

Robert Cocks & Co. send us No. 2 of their "Modern Methods—Otto Peiniger's Violin Method." This will be found useful to teachers of the violin and pupils alike. It is compiled in a careful musician-like manner, the bowing exercises and those for the higher positions being particularly good. A special feature of the book will be found in a separate violin part to all the selections given, and also illustrations reproduced from photographs. By the same author are "Humming-Bird" and "Chant d'Amour," two Morceaux de Salon for violin and piano; the first-named, rapidly and lightly played, would be very effective. Three pieces for violoncello and piano, by Leo Stern, "Mazurka Fantastique," "Gavotte Ancienne," and "Sérénade," are all well written; the last has also a violin part, and the accompaniment is smooth and graceful.

"On Silver Waters," words by Ellis Walton, music by Joseph L. Roedel, is a charming song with a violin accompaniment *ad lib.*, which adds greatly to the effect. "Love to the Last," words by Olifton Bingham, music by J. M. Capel, is another pretty song with a violin or violoncello accompaniment. By the last-named composer we have also a song in the old style, "The Miller and his Wife," words by R. S. Hichens. Other songs are "The Ingle Nook," words by Nicol Pentland, the music composed by J. Harold Carson, and "Which will you Wed?" words by R. S. Hichens, music by Howard Talbot; also, the first of a series of songs for classes in unison, edited by Alfred J. Caldicott, "The Hunter's Horn," by Henry Smart. For the piano, Robert Cocks & Co. send us a "Hungarian Dance" and a "Polish Dance," both by George Frederick West. These are bright and spirited compositions, with a well-sustained rhythm. Also, the first of six "Morceaux," by Pierrot Lassale, slight in construction, but tuneful; No. 1. of Six Melodious Studies, by G. Augustus Holmes; "The Gathering of the Clans," a Fantasia on Scotch melodies, by H. F. Henniker; "The Mountain Rose," Rondo Schottische, by E. Boggetti; and "Zuleika," a waltz by Florence Fare.

From Phillips & Page we have received Nos. 2, 3, and 4 of a series of Six English Songs, words by standard poets, set to music by G. Sarakowski. The setting is quaint, but somewhat poor in effect, and not English enough in style to suit the words. "The Jester," words by A. Valdemar, music by J. W. Elliott, a good song of a cheery, dashing kind. "It was the Time of Roses," words by T. Hood, music by Gilbert A. Alcock, is a song showing much ability. The harmonies in places are crude, but at the same time such as none but a musician could write—notably

* Calendar of the Patent Rolls preserved in the Public Record Office. Prepared under the superintendence of the Deputy-Keeper of the Records. Edward III., A.D. 1327-1330. Published by Authority. London: Printed for Her Majesty's Stationery Office.

the last bar of the first page. Three pieces of dance music, with very gorgeous covers, come next. "Queen of my Love" Waltz, and "Con Amore" Polka, both by Fabian Rose, though not strikingly original, have the swing and "go" so essential to dance music; also "Fiancée" Valse, par Gustav de Lis.

Ransford & Son send us the following:—"The Herald Angels," words by Lindsay Lennox, music by Howard Talbot, is a well-written sacred song, in which the melody of the familiar Christmas hymn is introduced with good effect. We suppose that as long as there is a demand for sentimental songs with a waltz refrain musicians will be found to write them. We have before us two songs of this description of which the composers are evidently worthy of better things—"Gathering Nuts," words by B. Britten, music by F. Bernani, and "Only for You," words and music by Lindsay Lennox. "Over the Sea," words and music by J. Mountfort, is a pleasant little song, though not vigorous in conception. "On the Rolling Deep," words by Lindsay Lennox, music by Oscar Verne, is a very spirited sea-song, and decidedly good of its kind. Six duets for ladies' voices, words by old English poets, music by F. Bernani, are pretty and well-harmonized compositions, though not particularly powerful. The most taking is certainly No. 2, "May," in gavotte time; but the others are all soundly written, and will supply an often-felt want for good duets for ladies' voices only. "Valse," a duet for piano and violin, by S.J. Fielder, is melodious, and suitable to beginners as it is written in the first position only. Another duet for piano and violin is "Morning Song," by Barry M. Gilholy, also unambitious but very fairly pleasing. "Florentine, Mazurka de Salon" and "Finella, Tarentelle," are two pieces for the pianoforte by C. Hoffman; the last named is decidedly the stronger of the two, played with execution it would be very effective. "Pharaoh, an Egyptian March," by Theo. Bonheur, is a well-marked and spirited march of an ordinary type; we fail, however, to see anything distinctively "Egyptian" in the composition. "Stradella, a Courtly Measure," by Carl Malemberg, and "Canzonetta, a Graceful Dance," by Theo. Bonheur, are two pieces wonderfully alike in general style and tone; in the first a pretty bass melody is introduced which creates a slight variety. Other pianoforte pieces are—"Erna, Polka Allemande," and "Morgenständchen," both by Louis H. Meyer; "April Showers," by E. Boggetti, and "Les Beaux Soldats, Marche Militaire," by Léonard Gautier. We have also received some dance music from the same publishers:—"Infanta, Spanish Waltz," by Jasper Vale Lane, in which the composer has expressed the Spanish musical characteristics of minor keys and curious intervals with some ability. Another waltz is "Dream of Love," by Ivan Delaski. "The Jockey Club Polka," by Hermann Rosa, and "Old Edinburgh Schottische," are both good of their kind; that is to say, useful for dancing purposes. It is a thankless task to compose a set of Lancers, and one not calculated to show the musician in his best light; taking this into consideration, we may say of "Runaway Lancers," by Warwick Williams, that they are on the whole very creditable. We have more Lancers in the "Prince's Dance Album," a little book containing, besides, a polka and three waltzes.

From Hammond & Co. we have received the following:—"Three Transcriptions for the Pianoforte," by Oscar Wagner, namely, Haydn's Largo from Symphony in G major, Mozart's Andante from Quartet in D, and Beethoven's First Composition, Op. 1, No. 1. They are all three carefully arranged; that the effect of the originals is somewhat lost in the transcription is only what might have been expected, but they will form useful studies and should be popular among lovers of classical music. Two new numbers of the Academic Edition—No. 26, Three Musical Sketches by Sterndale Bennett, and No. 27, Three Fantasias by Mendelssohn. These two numbers are compiled in as scholarly a manner as the preceding ones and elaborately fingered. Three short pieces by Ch. Neustedt, "Chant sans paroles," "Simple Pensée, Idylle," and "Gigue Américaine." These are all gracefully written, the first, perhaps, most especially so; the third, too, in the hands of an able performer would prove effective. "La Petite Marquise, Gavotte," by Jules Demarquoy, repeats what we have often heard before, but with a grace and rhythm that make it welcome. "O Schöner Wald," by Gustav Lange, is a pretty little piece, fresh and simple, and easy to play. "La Tendresse, Romance sans paroles," and a little book of six two-part songs for first and second sopranos, are both by Gordon Saunders. The last named are full of feeling and character; both the little piece and the songs are written in a musician-like spirit and contain some really fine harmonies. In the same edition there is also a collection of six two-part songs for equal voices arranged by Sinclair Dunn.

From Alfred Phillips we have two songs, "The Prize of the Chase" and "Love's Lullaby," both by F. Lynton Phillips, the words by Wilfrid Mills, and Rosa Carlyle. The difference in style of these songs shows versatility on the part of the composer. They are both pleasing and well written.

Augener & Co. send us one song, "Love," words by M. C. P., music by E. A. Chamberlayne. It is short, and very pretty and melodious, giving proof of decided talent.

Weekes & Co. also send one song, "The Wooing o't," words by Edward Oxenford, music by Mary Whitaker. This is a charming little song. The quaint words of the poem are very sympathetically set to music.

We have received from Wickins & Co. a collection of Famous Sea Songs, edited and arranged by Cristabel. We are glad to

recognize old favourites, especially "O Firm as Oak," by Bishop, "Blow High, Blow Low," by Dibdin, and "Jolly Young Waterman," by the same composer. The collection is well arranged and varied.

MONTROSE.*

THERE are not many men in English or Scottish history whose careers better suit or more require handling in moderate space than does the career of the great Marquess of Montrose. The affectionate labours of Mark Napier accumulated, indeed, if not all the material that a biographer would like, all that he is likely, it would seem, ever to have. But Napier, though a model of excellence in intention, of labour in research, and of right feeling, did not exactly deserve the prize of judicial or of judicious treatment of his own materials. The only recent small Life of Montrose that we have seen could hardly be called critical, and was certainly not exhaustive. Moreover, Mr. Mowbray Morris was sufficiently marked out by his previous exertion in the same style on Claverhouse as what Mr. Dolls called "er man er do it."

The result is very nearly as satisfactory as any result of the conditions could be. Of the known facts of Montrose's short and brilliant career Mr. Morris has given a most excellent summary—displaying, in particular, that faculty of brief but vivid, and yet not in the least "word-painted," description of battles of which he had given proof already in his narratives of Drumclog and Killiecrankie. He seems, rather by his silence than by his speech, to think a little less nobly of Montrose's literary work than we do; but this may be due merely to the fact that he is dealing with him as "a man of action." Still, amateurish though Montrose seems, and scanty as his poems are in amount, the poetical *diable au corps* which they show can hardly be too much admired. Moreover, nothing gives us straighter access to the real nature of a man who, despite his great achievements, remains singularly dark to us as a person. In his general remarks on the attempts which have sometimes been made to belittle the Marquess's military value, the biographer is both judicious and happy. And he has spent on the final tragedy the efforts of an excellent vigour, restrained and kept in hand by a well-cultivated taste. Nor has he in the least blenched or shirked over the earlier, the longer, the more puzzling, and the less satisfactory part of Montrose's career, while his account of what may be called the transition stage, with the extraordinary matters called "the Plot," "the Incident," and so forth, is one of the clearest that we remember to have met with. Indeed, it is not often that you meet with so much enthusiasm,—for Mr. Mowbray Morris is evidently an enthusiast in this instance—subjecting itself to the toil of so much labour, and accepting the restrictions of so much good sense. There may be those who may think that he is too hard on Argyll, and those who think that he is too chary of words on the actual *crux* of Montrose's change of position, if not of opinions; but they will generally be persons who have made up their minds on the one side at least as much as, if not more than, Mr. Morris has made up his on the other.

The only thing of which Mr. Morris has, perhaps, been really a little chary, is general argument on this *crux*, and on the further difficulty (to which he more than once refers) of the undeniable and extraordinary unpopularity of Montrose at the end of his career. There is, no doubt, not room for everything in two hundred and odd pages, and both the taste of the public and the necessity of the situation authorize the preference of narrative over argument. But both things are very curious; and, to our thinking, the second is more inexplicable than the first. It is sometimes set down to the sack of Aberdeen. But Scotland was quite accustomed to such things, and Scotchmen were not so "nesh" as to make a great fuss about them. Besides, this was the sole exception in Montrose's wars to a rule of mercy very uncommon at the time. His changing sides, again, could hardly be a sufficient cause of odium in a country where almost everybody changed sides, and had changed sides for centuries, as easily as men change their gloves. The inbringing of the Highlanders has been a rather favourite solution—especially with Scotchmen of the generation affected by reaction from what they (including even Lockhart) thought the unjust and unfair concentration of interest by Sir Walter on the Highlands and Highlanders. But we very much doubt whether this worked very strongly in the seventeenth century. Besides which, it is to be observed that almost all Montrose's battles, except the unlucky one of Philiphaugh, took place actually in the Highlands, or in the districts which were perfectly well accustomed to receive and return Highland raids. Colkitto and his "Irishes" might have had more to do with it. Perhaps, indeed, all these causes, and others not now easy to distinguish, worked together.

The other question—that of the change of side—is less mysterious. We at least think it impossible to clear Montrose wholly from the charge of real inconsistency, or (during his first stage) from that of self-seeking. The chief plea in extenuation that can be offered for him is that, until he himself set the example, loyalty, properly understood, was very much more the exception than the rule among the Scottish nobility. Inferior to no aristocracy in Europe

* *English Men of Action—Montrose.* By Mowbray Morris. London Macmillan. 1892.

in courage both stubborn and enterprising, in intellectual ability, in fertility of resource, and in divers other virtues, both mental and moral, that nobility had, from the death of Alexander III. to the union of the crowns, played, as a rule and on general principles, for nothing and nobody but its own hand. It is a commonplace of history that in no other country, even approaching Scotland in civilization, is there anything like the active and passive experience of the five first Jameses for violence and for faithlessness; while the wars of king's men and queen's men, and the absence of James in England, at least compensated any improvement in national manners and morals that might have taken place later. In 1636, the object of almost every Scottish nobleman (as it was, for the matter of that, the object of most Frenchmen and of no small proportion of Englishmen of the same rank) was to get as much power and as much money, but rather power than money, for themselves, their families, and their following, either by serving the king or acting against him, as might be. If you could do it doucely, and with clean hands, well; if otherwise, not so well, but still better than nothing. That Montrose was misled at first by this tradition, and only gradually escaped from it, we believe rather more than Mr. Morris seems to do. That his natural nobility did enable him to emerge from it Mr. Morris cannot believe more strongly than we do. In Montrose's action for the king there is as little self-seeking, as little jealousy, and as little taking too much upon himself as was possible; in his earlier action for the Covenant it is quite possible to see a good deal of both.

These, however, are points on which two opinions (indeed any number of opinions) may be formed. In order to form them intelligently it is necessary to have a clear idea of the facts, and we do not think that this has been given by any one in so useful a fashion as that in which Mr. Morris has given it. We are afraid that he is not much too severe on the action of Charles II. in regard to Montrose's last expedition. Indeed, this has always seemed to us the greatest blot on the merry monarch's political record—a blot far worse than the Treaty of Dover, which, if unpleasant to Englishmen's national pride, involved nothing absolutely incompatible with the sovereign's personal honour, or with a certain possible conception of his duty. Nobody, granted the monarchical principle, has ever disputed that a king may accept foreign aid if his people rebel; why may he not accept it to bring it about that they shall not rebel? But the thrusting of Montrose into an enterprise doomed to almost certain failure, the continuance of negotiations during that enterprise, the disavowal of him, the neglect even to intercede for him (useless as the asking grace at such graceless faces must have been), these are things which the very highest and most casuistical Legitimist can but boggle at, and stammer out something about youth, bad advisers, and helplessness. It is the Strafford business over again, and worse; the *πρώταρχος ἀπὸ* breaking out again in a way only to be atoned, and pretty sure to be punished, by the utter destruction of the guilty House. Let us not reason of it, but rather turn (Mr. Morris helping us admirably) to the immortal glory of that "shameful death" at the Cross of Edinburgh, in the blood of the covenant of which all who are loyalists in Britain have ever since been baptized.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.*

EPISCOPAL charges rarely possess a general or permanent interest, but there are some notable exceptions, among which the Visitation Addresses of the Bishop of Salisbury, now published under the title of *The Holy Communion*, will hold a high place. The volume contains four lectures on the institution of the Lord's Supper, on the Apostolic and the later Liturgies, and on the Communion Office of the Church of England. The limits are necessarily restricted, but no important point is missed, and all are treated with admirable learning, breadth of view, and devotional insight. One of the most interesting features in the book is the account of the earliest assemblies of the Church, in which the general meeting for business, finance, and discipline was succeeded by the Love Feast or Agape, and that again by Communion. Bishop Wordsworth makes the scene live again, and a very stirring scene it must have been, bringing out at one point or another every gift of every brother. Shop-

keeper, lawyer, scholar, saint, each had something to do, and every branch of human activity in turn received its sanctification. No less instructive is the discussion of the leading features of the written liturgies, the intercession, pax, offertory, consecration, and distribution. The student will hardly find a better introduction to the study of the subject. Yet it is evident that, in all that Bishop Wordsworth has here written, instruction is only a subordinate end. The book is composed from a strictly pastoral point of view, and its object is to set out the beauty and significance of the English rite in the service of peace and edification. The position maintained is the familiar old Anglican position, equally removed from Roman corruptions on the one hand and from sectarian will-worship on the other. If we are ever to have peace again, it is along this line that it will be found. Some will think that the Bishop goes too far, some that he does not go far enough; some that he pays too much attention to postures, acts, and ceremonies, some that he pays too little. But sound learning is a great peacemaker. Any one who takes the trouble to read what the Bishop of Salisbury has to say about lights, the mixed chalice, the eastward position, and a number of other hotly debated points, will find it difficult to be quite as stiff-necked as he may have been before. For ourselves, the main fault that we have to find with the book is the great use that it makes of the *Doctrine of the Apostles*. If the state of things depicted in that singular treatise represents Catholic usage down to and beyond the close of the first century, some very important articles in Dr. Wordsworth's system become untenable. We would venture to suggest to him that the prophet of the *Doctrine* is unknown to history, and never existed in the bosom of the Church.

It is difficult, and perhaps useless, to write a brief notice of Canon Driver's *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament* in the middle of such a storm as is now raging. People must read the book for themselves, and, if they will do this carefully, both those who are lamenting and those who are exulting over the explosion of the Bible will find that they have something to think about. The first thing that will strike the reader is that Canon Driver's work is as different as possible from the lachrymose recklessness of Canon Cheyne. Canon Driver knows quite as much Hebrew as Canon Cheyne, if not more, and is quite as courageous, but he is vastly superior in that wisdom without which the most refined scholarship is of little avail. His temper and judgment are all that could be desired. Let us see what he says about the Hexateuch—that is to say, the five books of Moses, plus Joshua. He starts by observing that "The Hebrew historiographer, as we know him, is essentially a compiler or arranger of pre-existing documents, he is not himself an original author." He combined, but did not trouble himself to re-write. Hence we find in the same book duplicate narratives and marked differences of style. So far we can all of us go. For instance, every reader of the Bible is aware that we have two accounts of the way in which David was first introduced to Saul, and many, if not all, have observed that in some passages of Genesis there is a preference for the title Lord, in others for the title God. The conclusion that Dr. Driver draws from these facts is that the Hexateuch, as we possess it, is in the main a combination of three documents, which, by a convenient abbreviation, are generally referred to by the symbols JE, D, and P. The first and third run, in varying proportions, through the whole Hexateuch, excepting the book of Deuteronomy. JE is so named from the first letters of the words Jehovah and Elohim (Lord and God), because it employs in some passages the first, in others the second, title, apparently of set purpose. JE itself is probably composite; in this case there are four chief documents. Some suppose that J, the Jehovistic writer, belonged to the Northern kingdom; E, the Elohist writer, to the Southern. Both have a strongly marked prophetic tinge. "They cast into a literary form the traditions respecting the beginnings of the nation that were current among the people." Some of their materials—for instance, the Ten Commandments—existed already in a written form. They date probably from the early centuries of the monarchy; "but it must remain an open question whether both may not, in reality, be earlier." D, the author of Deuteronomy, which in the main is the work of a single hand, wrote certainly before the eighteenth year of King Josiah (B.C. 621), not later than the reign of Manasseh, possibly between Isaiah and Jeremiah. P, so called from the first letter of priest, sometimes spoken of as the Priestly Code, is probably the latest of all, though some scholars still assign the main stock of it to the eighth or ninth century. But Dr. Driver thinks that, in its completed shape, it is probably not earlier than Ezekiel. It will be observed, then, firstly, that, in Dr. Driver's view, the literary growth of the Hexateuch covers a very long period of time, from the early days of the monarchy, or perhaps before, to the Exile; secondly, that before this literary growth began there were already in existence certain written documents and a national tradition; thirdly, that it does not in the least follow that, because P, for instance, was composed after the Captivity, the laws which P records were manufactured at that date. On the contrary, "it is based upon pre-existing Temple usage, and exhibits the form which it finally assumed." We need not follow Dr. Driver further, having said enough to show the nature and caution of his work on one of the most important points at issue. Most people, all who are, like the coneys, a timid folk, had better not read the book at all. Those who are inclined to sing a psalm or a dirge had better make quite sure that they know what it is all about. Those who are strong in the faith, true sons of the most learned and reasonable Church in

* *The Holy Communion: Four Visitation Addresses*, A.D. 1891. By John Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury. Oxford and London: Parker & Co.

An Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament. By S. R. Driver, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

Saint Chrysostom and Saint Augustine. By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D. London: Nisbet & Co.

The Story of the Imitatio Christi. By Leonard A. Wheatley. London: Elliot Stock.

Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Father Didon, of the Order of St. Dominic. Vol. I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. (Lim.)

The Apostle Paul: a Sketch of the Development of his Doctrine. By A. Sabatier, Professor in the Faculty of Protestant Theology at Paris. Translated by A. M. Hellier. Edited, with Appendix, by G. G. Findlay, B.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

The Jewish Religion. By M. Friedländer. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. (Lim.)

Essays, Reviews, and Addresses. By James Martineau. Vol. IV. *Academical and Religious*. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Christendom, will read and possess their souls in patience. They will listen to Dr. Driver with the respect due to his character and attainments, and wait to hear what the next illustrious Hebraist has to say.

Dr. Schaff opens a new series of Studies in Christian Biography with sketches of the lives of *St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine*. He has not allowed himself sufficient space. The whole volume (it only contains 156 pages) might have been very well devoted to either of these great names. The consequence is that the treatment, though learned and accurate, as all that proceeds from Dr. Schaff's pen must necessarily be, is dry and sketchy, and not likely to attract the class of readers who delight in concatenations of learning made easy. Indeed, Dr. Schaff, with all his erudition and common sense, is not seen at his best in biography. It is not a happy literary instinct that prompted the saying that St. Augustine's "writings are full of ingenious puns, and rise not seldom to strains of true eloquence," nor a happy theological instinct that ranks St. Chrysostom as the greatest of the Greek Fathers. It is surely an error of judgment also to spend the few pages devoted to the Augustinian system in complaining of his predestinarianism. The reason why "between St. Paul and Luther no divine can be compared with Augustine for extent of influence," so far as this saying of Dr. Harnack's is correct, is that he first clearly and emphatically identified the Pauline grace with love. This view, however right and fruitful, obviously gives preponderating weight to the Divine element in the spiritual life, and, when the Reformation came and the Sacramental system of the Church was replaced by individualism, issued necessarily in the blackest forms of predestination. Dr. Schaff speaks rather as if Augustine were directly responsible for all the horrid extravagances of supralapsarian Calvinism. This is far from just.

Lovers of Thomas à Kempis will do well to purchase Mr. Wheatley's *Story of the Imitatio Christi*. This dainty little volume is an introduction to the *Imitatio*, and dwells at sufficient but not wearisome length on all the interesting questions suggested by that masterpiece of devotion. The reader will find enough about German mysticism to make him wish for more, with a pretty complete account of the foundation of the Brethren of the Common Life at Windesheim, and the daughter houses, especially Mount St. Agnes, where the *Imitatio* was written. Mr. Wheatley, who is a convinced Thomist, sets out at length the arguments by which English students, at any rate, consider the claims of Gerson and Gersen to be demolished, tells us all that is known about Thomas Hamakerken and his other writings, and goes with the zest of a true scholar into the bibliography of his subject. The portrait of Thomas which forms the frontispiece, copied by some photographic process from the picture at Geerttruidenberg, exhibits a dovetail simplicity and innocence that accord perfectly with the character depicted in the *Imitatio*. When Mr. Wheatley gets off his own peculiar ground his touch becomes a little uncertain. Thus he is bothered by the fact that "the Augustinian Canons claim a great antiquity, even as old as the Apostolic Church." "It is, however, more probable," he adds, "that they were founded by St. Augustine." Mr. Wheatley must carry his modest scepticism a step further, and look these Canons up in his Dictionary of Christian Antiquities.

Père Didon's *Jesus Christ* is already well known on this side of the Channel, and, though in these days anybody ought to be able to read it in the original language, there are many who will be glad to have it in an English translation. People call it rhetorical, and so it is; but with the rhetoric peculiar to popular French writers and preachers, the rhetoric of ideas, not that of adjectives and reduplications, which prevails among authors of the same class in England. Both styles are bad for purposes of instruction; but the French style, though less vulgar, is more mischievous, because the taint strikes deeper, and affects not the outward presentment only but the inward conception. Thus, when Père Didon has to explain his attitude with regard to criticism, he begins by mixing up historical and scientific criticism, goes on to vapour very elegantly about first principles and pure reason, and ends by assuring his readers that there is absolutely nothing in it. The knowledge displayed throughout the book is far below that of our own Geikie or Edersheim. On the other hand, the narrative is admirable, suffering the Gospels, wherever possible, to speak for themselves, and adding the needful comments with due modesty, great spiritual discernment, and striking eloquence. It is the work of a great preacher, speaking directly to the conscience and the heart. After all this is the main thing. We ought to leave our prolegomena at the door of the sanctuary as the Orientals leave their shoes, and the only fault we have to find with Père Didon is that he has a way of unreasonably reminding us of difficulties which he has little power to solve. The work of the translator is very well done.

In *The Apostle Paul* M. Sabatier, a distinguished French Protestant divine, endeavours to trace a certain development in the creed and inward life of the great Apostle, whom we prefer to speak of as St. Paul. The learned author is greatly mistaken in supposing that no one has yet treated the Epistles from this point of view. On the contrary, it is one of the commonplaces of theology, both among those who maintain and those who deny the authenticity of the later Epistles. Some time ago we noticed a very ingenious little book by Dr. Matheson on this very subject. M. Sabatier writes from the point of view of a moderately liberal Calvinist, and, though he has not produced a book of specially striking character, has a good deal to say that is worth

hearing. His moderation he shows by accepting the Epistles of the Captivity, his liberalism in the assertion that St. Paul does not teach the resurrection of the wicked, and in the rejection of the Pastoral Epistles. Mr. Findlay, the editor, is shocked by this sudden fall from virtue, and sets M. Sabatier right in a long appendix, with the result of disabling the judgment of his witness on other controverted points. M. Sabatier gives a clear and sensible account of St. Paul's theology as far as regards grace, justification, and so forth; but, like most writers on Paulinism, omits to explain why these highly-explosive doctrines did not blow the Church into fragments till after the Reformation. There was something in the Apostle's system which acted as a safeguard, something which St. Augustine kept and the Reformers discarded; and any analysis of the Apostolic teaching which does not give this something its proper place and importance can only be regarded as lamentably deficient.

The Jewish Religion, by M. Friedländer, gives a lucid and orderly account of the faith, festivals, worship, and usages of the modern orthodox Jews. It shows, among other things, how completely devout Jews ignore Wellhausen and all his works. They have outlived so many things.

A new volume (the fourth) of Mr. Martineau's *Essays, Reviews, and Addresses* has appeared.

Our list of Sermons is rather a long one, and contains several noteworthy volumes. We may give precedence to two distinguished preachers, whose memory is cherished by all those among us to whom philosophic insight and sound scholarship are dear. Mr. Aubrey Moore's *Message of the Gospel* (London: Percival & Co.) contains sermons specially addressed to clergymen, some of them ordination addresses delivered at Cuddesdon. Few books could be read with more advantage by young clergymen or by candidates for Orders than these wise, sympathetic, and excellently practical discourses. The name of Mr. W. H. Simcox is perhaps less widely known than that of Mr. Moore, but his books on the philology of the New Testament are highly valued by those who can judge. His *Sermons (The Cessation of Prophecy, and other Sermons)* (London: Hodder & Stoughton) were delivered to simple audiences in little country churches. They well deserve to be introduced to a wider circle. They are very unlike most published sermons, and their grave style, simple scriptural faith, and modest learning may serve as a pattern to a good many preachers. The sermons on the Living Sacrifice and Spiritual Unselfishness speak with peculiar force to those who know in what spirit the author bore his long and fatal infirmity.

Another instructive volume is Dr. R. W. Dale's *Fellowship with Christ* (London: Hodder & Stoughton). In these discourses—for though they have texts in orthodox fashion, and were followed in some cases by a collection, they are hardly what we call sermons—Dr. Dale deals with a considerable variety of subjects—the Atonement, Unity, Mission Work, John Wesley, Social Science and others, pretty nearly everything except politics. The Dissenting preacher gives to his congregation what the Church parson sends to the magazine. But Dr. Dale is always worth reading.

Mr. Maurice's well-known *Sermons Preached in Lincoln's Inn Chapel* are being re-issued in six volumes (London: Macmillan & Co.) We have received the first.

We have to acknowledge also *Happiness in the Spiritual Life*, a series of practical Lenten Addresses delivered at St. Nicholas Church, Liverpool, by the Rev. W. C. Ingram, Hon. Canon of Peterborough and Vicar of St. Matthew's, Leicester (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.); *Short Sermons for Children*, picturesque and attractive but hardly direct enough, by the Rev. H. J. Wilmot-Buxton, Vicar of St. Giles-in-the-Wood, North Devon (London: Skeffington & Son). Very similar in character is *The Master's Message*, by the same author (London: Skeffington & Son); *Sermons for the Christian Year*, 2 vols., by the Rev. A. Noel Hunt, Curate of St. Mary's, Tenby (London: Skeffington & Son); *Pain, its Mystery and Meaning; and Other Sermons*, by the Rev. J. E. Foster (London: Nisbet & Co.); *Six Short Sermons on the Apostles' Creed*, by the Rev. J. J. Soden, Vicar of Little Melton, Norfolk (London: Skeffington & Son); *On the Way Home*, by the Rev. W. H. Jones (London: Skeffington & Son); and *My Note-Book* (London: T. Fisher Unwin), a collection of materials for use in the pulpit, by Dr. Austin Phelps, an American minister. Dr. Phelps tells his readers that a Presbyterian or Congregational pastor must make his pulpit a power by the vitality of its subjects and the density of its thinking. Density seems an odd intellectual merit; but when pulpits think even the densest thought must be remarkable.

The remaining books on our list are *The Peace of the Church*, by the Rev. W. R. Huntington, Rector of Grace Church, New York (London: Nisbet & Co.), a plea for the union of all the Protestant communities in America on the fourfold basis of Scripture, Apostles, and Nicene, but not Athanasian, Creed, the two Sacraments, and the historic Episcopate; *The Inheritance of the Saints*, by L. P., with preface by Canon Scott Holland (London: Longmans, Green, & Co.), a collection of well-selected extracts on the subject of the Communion of Saints; *Mother, Home, and Heaven*, by the Rev. G. E. Jelf, Canon of Rochester (London: Innes & Co.), a volume which ought to find favour with devout ladies; *Christianity and Buddhism*, by T. Sterling Berry, D.D. (London: S. P. C. K.), one of the Christian Knowledge Society's excellent manuals; *St. Paul's Song of Songs*, a meditative commentary on the eighth chapter of Romans, by J. R. Macduff, D.D. (London: Nisbet & Co.); *Temperantia*,

by the Rev. H. H. Gowen (London: Skeffington & Son); *The Heavenly Citizenship of Infants*, a compendium of Pædobaptist argument, by the Rev. Douglas Maclean, Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford (London: The Church Printing Company); *The Ancient Fathers on the Office and Work of the Priesthood in the Church of Christ*, by Edward Male (London: Skeffington & Son); *But How if the Gospels are Historic?* (Edinburgh: David Douglas); *The Apology of the Christian Religion*, by the Rev. J. MacGregor, D.D., Columba Church, Oamaru (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark); and *Sheol versus Hades*, by S. F. Pells (London: Digby & Long).

TWO CAT BOOKS.*

IF anybody can furnish us with intelligence as to "Hattie Brown, a young lady of colour, recently deceased at the age of fourteen," he shall be rewarded. Mr. W. J. Linton, who has edited and illustrated the work of Miss Brown; Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen, who have published that work, ought to know. But, if they do, they are obstinately dumb. She was, we are told, a young lady of colour. Are young ladies of colour, before their decease at the age of fourteen, usually intimate with the works of Mr. Stephen Hawes and Mr. Thomas Watson? We know not. All we know is that one white gentleman, whom it would be rude to call old, but who is not in his first youth, and has attained some celebrity as an engraver, is certainly not unacquainted either with the *Hecatompethia* (smoke that *tom* in connexion with *Catoninetales*). But no matter for that. Hattie Brown (*si* Hattie Brown *y a*) had a cat of the name of Kokrobyn, the sorrowful and successive departing of whom from out of his nine lives is the theme of this poem. We particularly request that no serious person will attempt to read it, for failure will be the ultimate result, and wrath or bewilderment the mesne profit. Each *fyfte* is told in different metre; each is extravagant in subject; each is sprinkled with the most outrageous puns on almost every word in which the syllable *a-t* appears, or into which it can be twisted; each is armed with extremely learned notes; and each is head-and-tail-pieced, not with a bootless calf (as Princess Ida was wedded), but with a bootful cat or cats. As to the most suitable cat's-metre tastes may vary. The seventh *fyfte*—in Spenserian and dealing in the most utterly unexpected manner with beetles—may win the palm with some, with others the Skeltonian third. But amateurs of nonsense (may their order flourish) can hardly go wrong as to the illustrations. The title-page vignette of the Nine Mewes has a Ropsian quality, as of the great Félicien, not in his most outrageous mood, which is rare in English graveurs. The two ornaments on pp. 17 and 18, "Cat-god: Purrsepolis," and "from Puseé Church, Gironde" (why "Gironde"? as though from "Giron"? Cats being fond of laps?) may divide admirers. The cat in the bag, on p. 48, though small, is too terrible. But the fit reader can hardly go wrong in *Catoninetales*; the unfit one will assuredly never go right.

"Graham R. Tomson," whom we understand to be a lady, has secured one of Mr. Fisher Unwin's not uncommonly "Cameo" volumes to be dedicated to the cat. It is rather profusely illustrated with cat studies by Arthur Tomson, who is to be commended more on the fortitude with which he has refused and rejected the purely conventional cat of all but a few designers, than on the success with which he has followed the cat-naturalism of Lambert, Madame Ronner, and the other latter-day naturalists or impressionists of cat-portraiture. Mr. Tomson has seen his cats with considerable success; but his hand has not always been obedient to his eye. Animal-drawing of this kind, however, is one of the most difficult of accomplishments. As for the text, it is necessarily composed for the most part of very well-known matter—all, it should be said, in verse, but preceded by a prose introduction full of that rather miscellaneous learning, not always, we think, quite *de bon aloi*, which literary ladies love, and some literary gentlemen do not seem to hate. There is matter both French and English in the pretty little book. Gray's pensive Selima, of course, leads off, and is followed by Cowper's two well-known and most agreeable cat-pieces, the only fault of which is the poet's habit of using French words, for which practice, it is well known, there is no excuse, least of all when they happen to be wanted. In very different style from Gray, if not so different from Cowper, there is Calverley's pathetic "Sad Memories," and a catalogue of many others, old and new. Mrs. Tomson contributes some agreeable copies of verses herself, and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse, in an unpublished poem, records how he hanged a cat for killing a canary. Then why not hang Mr. Monkhouse for killing the cat?

The French pieces open with Ronsard's avowal, less of his hatred to cats (as Mrs. Tomson seems to think), than of his being one of the unlucky people who are physically affected by them. But the jewels of this section are, of course, Baudelaire's wonderful cat-poems. It is almost a pity that Mrs. Tomson has added some others which are pretty certainly mere pastiches after Baudelaire, and would never have been written if his had not existed as models. Still, they fill up a pleasant collection, as worthy of its important and agreeable subject as any such thing could be within the space.

* *Catoninetales: a Domestic Epic*. By Hattie Brown. Edited and Illustrated by W. J. Linton. London: Lawrence & Bullen.
Concerning Cats. Selected by Graham R. Tomson and Illustrated by Arthur Tomson. London: Fisher Unwin.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NEW NOVEL.*

THE only disagreeable thing to an author about a literary success is that the work which has succeeded always remains the most persistent and the most conspicuous rival to his next candidate for success. All the world will read *David Grieve* and will fall to comparing it with *Robert Elmore*. This is inevitable, and the author must console herself, whatever the result of the comparison, with the reflection that, had it not been for *Robert Elmore*, perhaps not more than half the world would now be asking for *David Grieve*. For our own part, this tribute due once paid to the conspicuous rival, we shall leave the comparison alone and consider the work entirely on its own merits. It is called the history of one man; it is in reality the history of a great many men and several women. All these men and all these women are clearly, distinctly, and powerfully drawn; there is not from the beginning to the end of the long gallery of portraits in the book a single one which is not highly finished; there is nothing woolly, blurred, or indistinct; one understands quite clearly what the author had in her mind; one perceives, as well, that the figure in her own mind had become clear and distinct, not before she put pen to paper, but before she gave the page its last revise. This, as every novelist will understand, is very high commendation, especially when we consider the great number of characters which here play their parts. There are within these pages at least twenty-five finished portraits, besides careful sketches of artists, walking gentlemen and ladies, working men and working girls. It is in the elaboration of these portraits that Mrs. Humphry Ward shows her weakness as well as her strength. Few writers can equal her in the presentation of her characters; few writers can make them so vivid and keep them so consistent. Taking only those which really belong to the biography proper—such as Reuben, Hannah, Louie, Ancrum, Lucy, Dora—they are all strongly marked from the outset, and under all circumstances they act and talk consistently with the reader's first impression. Take the behaviour of Hannah, for instance, when, after many years, her niece pours out long-pent-up wrath and hurls in her face the sordid miseries of her childhood. Hannah is consistent. Hannah remains superior to the girl whom she had treated so badly. "A rakesome, natterin' creetur as ivir I seed," she said calmly. "I allus tolt tha, Reuben Grieve, what hood'd come to. It's bred in her—that's yan thing to be hoddin' i' mind. But I'll shift her in double quick sticks if she ever cooms meddlin' i' my house, Reuben Grieve—soa yo know." And, again, in the pitiless delineation of the poor passionate Louie, as she is in the first page, so she is in the end when she speaks for the last time before she kills herself—always selfish, avid of enjoyment, ungoverned. But there are not only twenty-five portraits in the book, there are at least twenty-five stories; namely, the story belonging to each portrait. Thus, there is the story of David's father, that of his mother, of Louie, of Lucy, of 'Lias, of Dora, of Elise, of Montjoie, of the painter Regnault, who is dragged in rather clumsily to say things great and lofty, of Daddy, John, Ancrum, Barbier, and the rest. In real life everybody, it is true, has his own story—take his story from a man, and what is he?—therefore, why not in fiction? But this book is called the history of one man. Here, in fact, lies the weakness which we have suggested. We expect, in every biography, that the central figure shall be always present; in every chapter, in every page, the skilful biographer never suffers the mind of the reader to be for one moment diverted from the consideration of the central figure. In this book David begins as a boy and ends as a man of thirty or so; he goes through a great quantity of adventures, and is presented in various stages of development; but all through, from beginning to end, he has continually to stand aside while somebody else's story is told. The consequence is that the interest and curiosity which are awakened at the outset are always suffered to decay, and even die out, instead of being kept alive and fanned. From the artistic point of view, this is, of course, a very grave fault. If, however, the work is to be considered as a collection of admirable studies rather than the story of a single soul, this fault disappears.

As for the author's own opinions, and the form of development taken by David Grieve, these are matters which may be settled by every reader for himself as he pleases. The book may perhaps by some be regarded as a problem in heredity. In that case it should have been called "David and Louie"; also, in that case, one would point to the well-known tendency of sons to take after the mothers and daughters to take after the fathers, whereas Mrs. Ward makes David the faithful successor and the exact image of his father Sandy, while Louie is the successor in every point of her mother Louise. Moreover, the succession is slavish. The daughter follows her mother with the same temperament—"Is there anything," David asks, "more tyrannous than temperament?"—with the same craving for dress, finery, and pleasure; with the same vices and the same terrible end. But the note of the book is not heredity. That is only one of the conditions. The true note—the note intended by the author—is revealed in the last page. "It seemed to David that he had been taught of God through natural affection, through repentance, through sorrow, through the constant energies of the intellect." What sorrows there are; what repentances, sufferings, sins, heartsearchings, and brain-cudgellings David passes through, we leave to our readers to find out for themselves.

* *The History of David Grieve*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. vols. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1892.

They will find more than this. They will find thoughts that stimulate and passages which burn; and, amid a good deal that is dull and a good deal that is superfluous, they will find a fearless grappling with the things that are, treated as only a woman, high-minded and sincere, can treat these things.

VOUS SAVEZ.*

"**L**ES Belges parlent français—en ajoutant 'vous savez.'" M. Maeterlinck writes French, and instead of always adding "vous savez," he almost always repeats any line which happens to be more than usually commonplace. Mr. Hall Caine, who, "for fault of a better sponsor," as he observes, in a style worthy of his author, "introduces" two of M. Maeterlinck's plays, *The Princess Maleine* and *The Intruder*, to British readers, in translations by Mr. Gerard Harry and Mr. William Wilson respectively, calls this feature "startling repetitions, suggesting varying tones of voice in the speakers." Our readers, if they deign to follow the present undertaking to its end, will see plenty of these, and be able to judge of their effect. It should be mentioned "that the *Princess* was a youthful effort, that it is an episode in five acts and not a drama," and that it is a far more surprising piece of work than *The Intruder*, to which, however, Mr. Caine devotes nearly the whole of his introductory eulogium. He—Mr. Caine—wishes it to be understood that M. Maeterlinck is not "a Belgian Shakespeare." If he were, he would be a dreadful thing, for there are "whole groups of modern Shakespeares," and "we have found them out; they are all cousin-germans."

The play, or episode, *Princess Maleine*, begins with two officers pacing "the gardens of the castle," in order, apparently, to give late comers time to get to their seats, as they have nothing to do with the story, and do not appear again. After they have exchanged observations upon the weather, Stephano says, "Lo! lo! Vanox!" and, according to the stage direction, "[a comet appears before the Castle." Stephano recognizes it as "the same we saw the other night," and immediately afterwards "[a shower of stars appears to fall upon the Castle." This goes on, the two gentlemen discoursing pleasantly upon portents, until "[the windows of the castle, all ablaze at the further end of the garden, are suddenly blown into pieces. Great uproar." Princess Maleine is then seen running away, "dishevelled and in tears," and then, while "the shower of stars proceeds uninterruptedly," King Hjalmar comes out of the castle, and says, "Now then, my horses, my horses! Let me be gone! Let me be gone! Let me be gone! And I leave you Maleine, with her green face and her white lashes! And I leave you with your old Godeliva. But wait awhile! . . ." (Here his Majesty becomes incoherent.) "Old Godeliva" is the wife of King Marcellos, who was King Hjalmar's host on this occasion, and Maleine is their daughter, who was to have been married to, and has in fact fallen in love with, Prince Hjalmar, King Hjalmar's son. After the quarrel already indicated, King Hjalmar, who is in love with a wicked old Queen named Ann, determines that Prince Hjalmar shall marry Ann's daughter Uglyane, of whom—addressing the Prince—Angus, his friend, observes paradoxically, "Yes, Uglyane is pretty." Between the scenes of the first act King Hjalmar goes back to the castle and kills King Marcellos and Queen Godeliva, and Maleine somehow finds herself in a dark tower above the tops of the trees with a Nurse. With some difficulty they knock a hole in the wall and look out. Maleine remarks, "Oh, it's a furnace, and I feel as though purple mills were revolving before my eyes," and then they talk like this:—

Maleine. I see the lighthouse.
Nurse. You see the lighthouse?
Maleine. Yes; I think 'tis the lighthouse.
Nurse. But, if so, you must see the city.
Maleine. I cannot see the city.
Nurse. Don't you see the city?
Maleine. I do not.
Nurse. Can't you see the belfry?
Maleine. No.
Nurse. This is wonderful.

If we had not been told that the author of this was M. Maeterlinck, we should certainly have supposed it to be the work of M. Ollendorff.

An early scene in the second act shows "KING HJALMAR and QUEEN ANN discovered, clasped in each other's arms."

Ann. O my own glorious conqueror!
King. Ann!
Ann. Beware! Your son!

[Kisses her.

Enter PRINCE HJALMAR; he walks towards an open window, heedless of KING and QUEEN.

Prince Hjalmar. It is raining; there is a burial in the cemetery. Two graves have been dug and the sound of the *dies iræ* is wafted into the house. There is nothing but the cemetery to be seen from any of the windows; it is eating into the very gardens of the castle; and here are the latest tombstones reaching down as far as the pond. They are opening the coffin; I shall close the window.

Literature may be defied to beat the concluding antithesis. After a brief Hamlet-King-and-Queen discussion the scene changes

* *The Princess Maleine*. A Drama in five acts. And *The Intruder*. A Drama in one act. By Maurice Maeterlinck. With an Introduction by Hall Caine. London: William Heinemann, 1892.

to a village street, where Maleine and the nurse, having come out of the tower and travelled through a forest, are alarmed by a "Cowkeeper," who threatens to bathe in their presence. An opportune row in a public-house called the "Blue Lion Inn" distracts attention from this unmannerly person, and, it is to be hoped, causes him to abandon his intention. Maleine disguises herself as a waiting-maid, and enters the service of Uglyane, whom she personates in order to meet Prince Hjalmar in a park at night by a waterfall. The following is a characteristic extract from their conversation:—

Maleine. I am afraid.
Hjalmar. Yet we are in the park.
Maleine. Are there walls round the park?
Hjalmar. To be sure; there are walls and ditches round the park.
Maleine. And can nobody enter?
Hjalmar. Nay; but there are many unknown things that enter, in spite of all.
Maleine. My nose is bleeding.
Hjalmar. Your nose bleeding?
Maleine. Yes. Where can my handkerchief be?
Hjalmar. Let us go to the pond.

After some more talk of this kind she confesses that she is not Uglyane, but Maleine, and Hjalmar says, "O heavens! O heavens! O heavens! What have I escaped from to-day! What a stone you have rolled away to-night! O heavens! What a grave have I risen from to-day! Maleine! Maleine! What shall we do now? Maleine! I believe I am in heaven heart-deep." She answers "Oh! and so do I," whereupon, according to the stage-direction, the "Waterfall is heard sobbing strangely, and then expires." It has already splashed them, because they kissed each other earlier in the scene, and no one can wonder that its most eccentric and even unseemly behaviour on this occasion evokes the following tirade:—

Both [turning round]. Oh!

From this point the plot becomes uproarious, but extremely obscure. Act III. sc. 4, which appears to be inserted *à propos de bottes*, consists only of a soliloquy by a physician, in whose house the scene is laid. Neither he nor it come into the play at any other moment, but his soliloquy is surprising, and begins thus:—

She has urged me to give her some poison. Some mystery hovers about the castle, and I fancy its walls are about to fall upon our heads. And woe to the little ones in the house! Strange rumours are already floating round us, and it appears to me that on the other side of this world they are beginning to feel a little disturbed about adultery. Meanwhile, the people here are sinking into misery up to their lips; and the old King will die in the Queen's bed before the month is out.

The end of it all is that King Hjalmar and Queen Ann get into Maleine's bedroom and strangle her, and while they are doing it "[The Madman appears at the window, which has remained open, and suddenly giggles." The last two acts are played in a sort of pantomime rally of thunder and lightning, an eclipse of the moon, seven nuns running about the passages singing, roofs and turrets falling, and bridges collapsing, which causes "An Old Woman" to say "This is Doomsday," and "An Old Pensant" to assert that "Great calamities are brooding!" At last, the murder of Maleine being discovered, Hjalmar stabs Ann, with much and monotonous bad language, and afterwards stabs himself. The King gets madder than ever, and no wonder; for when he says "Oh! here's sunrise!" the consequence is "[Sun enters the chamber." The concluding stage direction will tax the stage-carpenter less, but deserves reproduction, along with the very reasonable tag wherewith Angus, his friend, concludes the spoken part of the entertainment:—

Angus. Another night such as this, and all our heads will have turned white.

[Exeunt all, save the Nuns, who begin singing the *Miserere*, while carrying the corpses towards the bed. The church bells cease sounding. Nightingales are heard warbling without. A cock jumps on the window-sill and crows.

The Intruder is a comparatively sober piece of work, and though odd in the reading here and there, contains nothing to be compared with the jocular larks of *Princess Maleine*. A blind grandfather keeps hearing uncanny noises (and saying the same thing twice over) until his sick daughter, in the room on the left, dies unexpectedly, and his dumb grandson, in the room on the right, like the "issues" of the late Mr. Justice Onoocool Chunder Mookerjee, "does loudly howl." Before these things happen the nerves of a father, an uncle, and three daughters have been thoroughly upset by their relative's unpleasant fancies. It is a grim piece of work, and not without an impression in reading. But *Princess Maleine*, properly put on the stage, and acted with spirit, would be more fun than a shipload of monkeys.

SELECTED POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS.*

IN noticing the arrangement of this volume the largest share of praise is due to Mr. Andrew Lang's preface. Mr. Lang is a Scot, and if his estimate of Burns has at times a suspicious taint of his "Anglican" surroundings and sympathies, he yet takes his stand firmly on his birthright, and from that position speaks to his countrymen in words of appreciative criticism. Mr. Lang approaches his subject as "a canny Scot" should—he knows his countrymen. He reminds them of what Mr. Arnold said of Homer, and tells them that their danger is likewise that of

* *Selected Poems of Robert Burns*. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

admiring Burns "too like barbarians," but the shuddering and indignant Scot at once notices that Mr. Lang brackets himself with this "barbarian" horde. Later on in the same passage he mingles the courage of his nationality with the subtlety of the Jesuit by asserting that Burns is no provincial poet; but that some of his admirers are provincial in their uncritical admiration, and even manage to make their hero appear provincial.

No countryman of Burns can read through this charming and truthful preface, or enjoy the grace and humour of Mr. Lang's utterances at the dinner given on Monday by the Edinburgh Burns Club on the anniversary of the birth of Burns, without feeling grateful that the poet's undying laurels should be watered and tended by hands so worthy of the task. And this being so, they may take to heart the reproofs and warnings which we have referred to above, and act on the practical hints with which Mr. Lang closed his address. We would specially recommend that part of this preface in which Mr. Lang touches on the oft-told tale of Burns's "moral character," as dealing with this shortly, and with true insight. Burns, he says, was "the son of a peasant," brought up in the natural surroundings of his station, and amid the temptations offered by his own character, and the conditions of the life which he led. We have no sympathy with those who seem to think that because a man gives to the world, in prose or verse, the thoughts which embody his experience of life, as he has found it; because he sings of the bitter and the sweet, the failure and the victory, the fault with its atoning penitence, they are justified in attaching "history" to every poetic image, and in snivelling over faults they have neither the manliness to commit nor the honest virtue to repent of. Burns was capable of the deepest passion and of the coarsest sensuality, and unfortunately his lyre was attuned to both moods. It is needless to say that the higher note is the one which has lived and spoken to the hearts of his countrymen; and if one set of busybodies had not gathered together every written scrap, and the other set had not occupied their gross imaginations with fitting them to each incident invented, or supposed to be historical, of Burns's career, they would not have earned the contempt of all wholesome-minded people, and the bard would not have suffered at their unhallowed hands. "His relations with women, no doubt, are complex enough." That is almost a truism of more than half the world, and is likely to be true till the moon again stands still in Ajalon. If we thought it right or expedient, we believe we could prove that Mr. Lang does scant justice to Burns's relations with Jean Armour. There was in them more happiness than is implied in "making the best of it"; but we prefer to leave the subject with the words which close this touching passage—"the lips that kissed, the hearts that broke, are dust; only the songs survive."

The songs live, and hearts for all time will echo to the truth of the words so alive with pathos and beauty:—

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

What need or object is there in asking of whom and to whom these words were written? They are written of humanity, and to those whose hearts beat in tune with these words of aching desolation. No name or history is needed, and the finer nature recoils from the sacrilege of plumbing the depths from which they sprang.

We regret certain carelessnesses in the printing; it is perhaps "provincial" to have a prejudice in favour of Lockhart's name being habitually spelt with its aspirant, but if it be a prejudice we must plead guilty.

Mr. Lang says in his speech:—"For my sins I lately published a book—a selection from Burns's poetry." We hope, before we have done with Mr. Lang here, to bring one special sin in this book home to him. We hope to deal faithfully with him in the matter, and that he will submit to the chastening with the same patience we have recommended to his fellow-countrymen, whom he accuses of provincialism.

As to his "selection," Mr. Lang admits at once that no selection can be satisfactory. We would like to hear his reasons for omitting "Holy Willie," "Death and Dr. Hornbook," and, on the same principles, why he inserted "The Jolly Beggars" and the "Epistle to John Rankin." But, given that a poem is inserted, Mr. Lang will agree with us that the best version ought to be used, and we cannot understand how he was "so left to himself" as to put "Scots whae hae" in the version to which Burns altered the "Ode" at the request of his "unfriend" Thomson, in order to make it suit the tune of "Lewie Gordon." Mr. Lang is frank. In his speech he says:—"The poem is not, somehow, one of my own especial favourites." We are sorry for Mr. Lang. The best of men have their failings, and bad taste is not a moral fault. But Mr. Lang was too true a poet, too patriotic a Scot, in quoting the lines to make Bruce request his army to advance as "Caledonian on wi' me." His soldiers would "think him a Bauldy," says Christopher North. He gave the right version, which he has not allowed to appear in his selection, "Let him on wi' me." We have said we believe Mr. Lang has the courage of his race, but it would be mere brutal insensibility which would enable a man to face a Scotch audience (and after dinner), and misquote these words. No true Scot but would have sent trencher and glass at his head.

It may be argued that Burns himself wrote this travesty, but it was not his first and best inspiration, and was only done,

as is remarked in one edition of the poems, because "Thomson worried Burns till he prevailed on him to spoil his ode by squaring it down to the amateur fiddler's priggish taste." It may be permissible, though not forgivable, to allow this version, burdening the last line of every verse, and diluting its force with a senseless pleonasm, in a book of Scotch songs, but it is unpardonable in a selection of Burns's poetry, collected for the reader, not the music-hall singer.

We remember hearing one "Anglicized Scot" saying, that he never could help feeling that when Burns wanted a rhyme he invented a new Scotch word. Of the glossary to this volume, we must make the remark that, apparently, when its compiler was at fault he invented a meaning. It is a constant source of indignation to the Scot, and a pitfall to the "base Saxon." Haggis is defined "as a kind of pudding." Any one requiring a translation of haggis ought not to be allowed to read Burns, or should be doomed to watch one or more "charging down hill." Gowan is a word which, we should think, has become common to the English-speaking world; but, any one who still needs a glossary for it will find it here absurdly called "wild flower." The daisy is, undoubtedly, "a wild flower"; but all wild flowers are not daisies. In some cases sheer nonsense is made of lines; "beets" is translated "boots," when it ought to be "adds fuel to a fire." It would be tedious to multiply instances; suffice it to say, the glossary must be read with caution, and never trusted.

If this volume has faults, which, as Mr. Lang humorously states, "irritate one Scot or another," the most "perfidious Scot" may feel, as a whole, that it is fully representative of the great Scots poet, and that it appears in a form which is likely to commend itself to the intellectual weakness of the English-speaking portion of the Empire, who require their Burns diluted and explained. We believe that, next to the Scots, the English appreciate Burns fully and gladly, when they understand him. Had it been his unhappy lot to be born in these times, London might have made a lion of him—from this fate he was saved. "His magnificent genius would have been frittered away in the struggle for life." It is well with him; he has, in Mr. Lang's excellent words, "received what he would have valued more than wealth, or ease, or an inglorious life; he has added renown to the country he loved, and for himself has gained that immortal garland which is not to be run for without dust and sweat." He is not likely to be forgotten in any land, at home or beyond seas, where Celt and Saxon and Lowlander clasp hands and sing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and days of auld lang syne?"

FRENCH LITERATURE.

IN the midst of sorrow and sickness "Gyp" (1) appears like a ministering angel, holding a little book in her hand. The subject of the little book is a little dangerous; and we shall not deny that, in her benevolent endeavours to expand the spleen of her readers, "Gyp" has occasionally indulged in situations and expressions which would not have pleased the elder Mrs. Newcome. Nor is the whole dozen of pieces quite equal in attraction, even if this consideration be set aside. The last story or dialogue, for instance, "Le docteur tant pour cent," where the hero succumbs, on the one hand, to the influence of an avaricious "crack" surgeon (who operates at any hazard and gives the doctors who call him in a share of the fee), on the other to the grumbling and greed of a detestable wife, is too serious and too painful for its merry company. But most are excellent. The best of all, we think, is "L'amateur," where the excellent M. de Maniakry discourses with such eloquence and conviction on eczema, gout, rheumatism, and other terrifying topics, that a beautiful person, before the eyes of her lover, gives him a private appointment under the impression that he is of the faculty. The adventures of "Le bon garçon," too—who deranges his day and goes without his breakfast to visit a fair patient who has nothing whatever the matter with her—are good comedy; as are those of "Le gaffeur," who, his tact not matching his impudence, gets his ears soundly boxed by an opera-dancer, and fails to meet the open advances of a great lady. "Le roubleur," a perfectly unscrupulous fellow, who always falls on his feet, is also good. "Gyp" has opened the series, probably on purpose, with a sketch of the stock doctor of French novels, "bourru," but beneficent, and we must not forget "Le politique." This, while it edges in a little of the author's Boulangism, contains one of her very best contrast-satires between the old dowager of eighty-four, still sound of heart and (with a few feathers in it) of head, and the young doctor who has neither head nor heart.

We have before us three more volumes of the wonderfully cheap and, for their purpose, doubtless remarkably good series of *Classiques populaires* (2), which MM. Lecène et Oudin publish, which M. Emile Faguet does (or did, for his name does not now appear on the covers) generally edit, and the separate volumes of which have been prepared by such scholars as M. Faguet himself, as M. Edouard Rod, as M. James Darmesteter, and (in one of the cases before us) as M. de Lescure. They are, as we may have pointed out before, something in the way of our own "Men o'

(1) *Ces bons docteurs*. Par "Gyp." Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(2) *Classiques populaires*—Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Par M. de Lescure. Bouteau. Par Paul Morillot. Hérodote. Par F. Corréard. Paris: Lecène et Oudin.

Letters" series and its imitators, but fuller, more abundantly furnished with extract and abstract, and rather more carefully adapted to that condition of increasing ignorance on all subjects which appears to be the result of civilization, education, and the printing press. By this we do not of course mean that the volumes themselves display ignorance, very far from it. But they amiably lay themselves out to anticipate and remedy ignorance; and if such a thing were possible, which we fear it is not, they would repair the defects of educational smattering well enough. The different subjects naturally lend themselves to and duly receive different treatment. M. Corréard has had chiefly to give a summary interspersed with abundant translated extracts; M. Morillot, besides this, an *exposé* and criticism of a literary attitude (which, let us note in passing, he has done with great good sense on the whole); M. de Lescure both these, and also the history of a curious life and character. All were well qualified for their task and all have done it well. M. de Lescure indeed will never induce us to like that nasty little book, *Paul et Virginie*; but of course its rancid sentiment ought not to make any one blind to its literary ability.

There is no question about the use of books on commercial French; or, rather, there is no question of the great gulf fixed in French, as in other languages, between the literary tongue and the commercial lingo. A man may know his French literature monous well, from Villehardouin to Victor Hugo, and yet be "stumped" if he is asked what is the French for an account which is allowed to be overdrawn, or if he meets in an ambiguous context with the phrase "les tirés." There might be three ways of giving the required information, by vocabulary and phrase-book, by letters, and by dialogue. The first is the driest, and is now out of fashion, but we are not sure that it is not the best; the other two are the commonest. Mr. Whitfield's book (3) is not free from some drawbacks especially likely to affect a book drawn from foreign sources—such as that his matter does not always seem quite natural, that his English is sometimes rather too slangy with what may be called book slang, and that his English idioms are sometimes not English at all. But the collection of French commercial phrases is large and good.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

MOST readers of historical stories are agreed that the more romance there is mixed with the history the more agreeable is the result. They can easily have too much of the latter, while of the good things of romance it is scarce possible they should suffer a surfeit. Mr. Howard Pyle's *Men of Iron* (Osgood, McIlvaine, & Co.) observes this sound rule. This is a story of the fortunes of a young Englishman who is attached to the household of a powerful nobleman during the reign of the fourth Henry. Young Myles Falworth is of the stuff of which heroes were made in those bracing times. Wonderful and rapid is his rise to knightly distinction, as befits a hero in romance. But the author has plausibly prepared the way for the advancement of his hero, and has designed a picturesque setting for a stirring story. The training of young Falworth, the sports and brawls of his comrades, together with some stout fighting, are described with excellent spirit. Indeed, with arms and armour, fencing and tilting, the author deals in generous fashion, and not in a dry antiquarian style. The concluding combat, in which the hero vanquishes his father's enemy, the Earl of Alban, after some untoward accidents, in unexpected circumstances, is as tremendous and moving a duello as could be desired by those who delight in poetic retribution. Such, at least, is the impression it produces on the lay mind, not well informed as to the lethal capacity of that fearful weapon, the hand-gisarm. Mr. Pyle, who illustrates his story with some capital drawings, depicts the final stage of the encounter in the frontispiece, not omitting, we conjecture, the hand-gisarm. To the uninitiated it appears by no means terrible.

It was hardly extravagant in Mr. H. C. Barkley to style his *Studies in the Art of Rat-Catching* (John Murray) "a manual for schools." Every reader of this delightful little book will sympathize with the sentiment of the small boy who signified his rapture on hearing the author's reminiscences of dogs and ferrets, rats and rabbits, with the exclamation, "I say, what sport it would be if they would only teach rat-catching at school! Wouldn't I just work hard then, that's all!" The suggestion inspired Mr. Barkley with the whimsical notion of imparting the fruits of experience, in the form of "lessons" to schoolboys, in the intervals not occupied in amusing themselves with Ovid and Euclid. After all, every art has its school, and why not a school of art in rat-catching? But Mr. Barkley, if a fascinating painter after nature, is nothing if not sternly truthful. He shows with searching fidelity that rat-catching is not all beer and skittles, and it is not every day that a great artist may capture seventy-three beautiful rats, some of which are "fourpenny beasts," or bag two hundred and seventy rabbits on a Norfolk heath. These and other exploits are described with admirable force and many a pleasing touch of humour. With unobtrusive learning, the joys of the art, the excitement of the hunt, the action and behaviour of dogs and ferrets, are most vividly set forth. The dogs—they are of all kinds—are masterly studies, and we feel, on

closing the book, we know them as old friends. Some may think that the concluding story of the sea and fisherfolk, with the note of pathos, scarcely accords with Mr. Barkley's pictures of sport and the countryside, though they—if they love a life of freedom in the open air—cannot but be charmed by the book.

By chance there has come together the produce of the book-maker in unusual variety. Mr. Arthur Montefiore's *Leaders into Unknown Lands* (Partridge) comprises epitomes of the travels of Livingstone, Burton, Australian Stuart, Mr. A. R. Wallace, Mr. H. M. Stanley, and Nansen. These sketches of recent travel are well illustrated and, on the whole, fair specimens of the boiling-down process. *Heroes of Our Day*, by Walter Richards (Virtue & Co.), deals with the gallant deeds of recent winners of the Victoria Cross in New Zealand, Egypt, Afghanistan, and South Africa, deeds that deserve to be chronicled again and again, as Mr. Richards, who quotes Thackeray's saying "Bravery is never out of fashion," very sensibly remarks. Such books should never lack readers. *Successful Business Men*, by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., assisted by F. M. Holmes (Virtue & Co.), is descriptive of the careers of founders of "famous firms," some fourteen in number. And if "the wideness of the field has been felt to be oppressive," as we cannot but admit for our part, Dr. Japp is ready with a "compensatory reflection"—to wit, "that if the public give the necessary encouragement, there is still an ample store to draw upon for materials for further volumes." We do not doubt it. But surely this is a strange way of consoling the oppressed.

Then we have *Famous Artists*, by Sarah R. Bolton (Nelson), a series of sketches of the lives of great painters, with excellent portraits; and *Famous Rides*, by M. T. Yates (Biggs & Co.), a record that starts with Lady Godiva and ends with John Gilpin, and comprises the heroic achievements of General Custer, Captain Burnaby, Randolph Murray, Paul Revere, Dick Turpin, Mazeppa, Young Lochinvar, Kit Carson, Buffalo Bill, and other bold riders famed in song and history.

The excellence of *Dod's Peerage, &c.* (Whittaker & Co.), now in its fifty-second year, is known to all who consult the "Red Book," and is of the kind proper to a book of reference that may always be consulted with confidence and, let it be said, with despatch. Accuracy and compactness characterize the admirable *Dod*.

The Clergy List for 1892, edited by H. Hailstone, M.A. (Kelly & Co.), comprises the customary useful guidance in the shape of a well-arranged and complete ecclesiastical directory, with full lists of naval, military, and all other chaplains.

Statistical information is a leading feature of *The Year-Book of Commerce*, compiled by Kenric B. Murray, under the authority of the London Chamber of Commerce (Cassell & Co.) Open the book where you may, there is something of interest in the tables or summaries of trade movements or average prices to move even a sluggish enthusiasm for figures. Of course, this book of reference is addressed to City men before all others, yet it is decidedly an instructive volume for the general reader.

Hart's Army List (John Murray) is a directory that includes Militia, Yeomanry Cavalry, and India Civil Service lists, together with the Medical Staff, dates of commission, and a summarized record of the service of every officer in the army, the Supply and other departments, and the Marines. This very useful and convenient compilation is in its fifty-third year of issue.

Mr. Thomas Skinner's *Stock Exchange Year-Book* sets forth information with respect to all Public Securities and Joint-Stock Companies known to the market of the United Kingdom. This is a useful book for those who invest in varied securities, and supplies a good general retrospect of the past year. In spite of the compiler's description of 1891 as a year of depreciation and a period of liquidation, owing chiefly to South American "in-securities," as we may say, the registration of new Companies seems to have been sufficiently lively.

Among new editions we have the late Emile de Laveleye's *Letters from Italy*, "popular edition" (Fisher Unwin); *A Daughter of Heth*, by William Black (Sampson Low & Co.); *Khaled*, by F. Marion Crawford (Macmillan); *Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill*, by "Tasma" (Heinemann); *Round Burns's Grave*, by John D. Ross, an anthology of commemorative poems on Burns (Paisley: Gardner); *On the Stage and Off*, by Jerome K. Jerome, illustrated edition (Leadenhall Press); *Letters to Dead Authors*, by Andrew Lang (Longmans & Co.); *Muckle Jock, and other Stories*, by Malcolm McLennan (Macmillan); *The Life of Archbishop Tuft*, by the Bishop of Rochester and Canon Benham, in two volumes (Macmillan), and Vol. I. of a new and revised edition of Mr. W. E. H. Lecky's *History of England in the Eighteenth Century* (Longmans & Co.), one feature of which is, that the Irish chapters are to form a continuous and amplified narrative in the concluding volume.

We have also received a new edition of Archdeacon Farrar's five sermons, entitled *Eternal Hope* (Macmillan); Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*; and other Essays—an odd title for a volume that includes the *Hydriotaphia*—edited by Dr. Lloyd Roberts (Stott); *Stories from African History*, by W. Pimblett (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *A Holiday in a Manor House*, by E. Everett Green (Biggs & Co.); *A Modern Red Riding Hood*, by C. A. Jones (Warne & Co.); *The Squire's Nieces*, by E. M. and A. Huntingdon (Sampson Low & Co.); a sixpenny edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, well printed, with illustrations (Griffith, Farran, & Co.); *Forreston*, by Newton Tempest, second edition (Digby & Long); and *A Knave and a Fool*, by Jessie Krikorian, second edition (Digby & Long).

(3) *French Commercial Dialogues*. Edited by E. E. Whitfield, after Thum and Drucker. London: Hachette.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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